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THE

# IRISH HEIRESS.

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## CHAP. I.

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WHILE I was upon my unwilling journey, letters had arrived from Lord Mostyn, mentioning his son's predeliction for me in strong terms, and requesting permission for allowing him to be his own advocate, not doubting but that he could conquer

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my love for a convent. This had only the more determined my mother and sister to get me out of the way, and, I suppose, heightened the coldness of their address to me upon my return, and now my going to France was urged so strongly by my mother, that my father thought it proper to look for a person who would take me under their protection. The interval I employed chiefly in penance for my past sins, and prayers for blessings on my father, and indeed my mother, but I cannot say they were equally fervent, however I did my best. I received absolution from my venerable confessor, with many blessings and instructions for my future conduct, which I hope were of service to me.

In a short time my father's correspondent in Dublin wrote word that Lady Anne Daly, who was going to Paris with her daughters, would be glad of my company in her party, that she sat out in a week, and of course there was not any time to lose. As my dear father expressed a determination of taking me

to



to Dublin himself, my mother and sister would go too, not, as my mother said, by way of making one in the train of Mrs. O'More, but to see that I did not run into any extravagant expence ; and, indeed, to speak the truth, she took what care she could in that article, for, I may say, that my stock of necessaries for such a journey was comfortably shabby, however my father gave Lady Anne a note for one hundred pounds, to lay out for me in London, and ten guineas for my pocket, which I then thought an inexhaustible sum, but what I valued above all gifts was his own picture ; I begged for other portraits but they were denied me.

As the time approached which was to take me from my native country, my friends, but above all, my father, how terrible were my feelings ! My love for Mostyn did not increase them, for I was not to be at a much greater distance from him than I had before, so that I may truly place my grief to filial affection. I used to think within myself that

if my death, would make me dear to my mother, a speedy one would be welcome to me; her coldness filled me with grief, but not a thought of resentment, and I did all I could to conciliate Sophia, who, in return, treated me with redoubled disdain; even when the fatal day arrived and I took her in my arms, my tears flowing in streams, my words quite choked, she gave a cold kiss, broke from me, and only said, "Good bye, sister," with an indifference which cut me to the soul.

I then fell at my mother's feet, I could not support my head, it dropped on her knees. "Oh! mother, I am to leave you, you will have it so, but tell me how long I am to live in banishment?"

"According to circumstances," replied she, "should you take the veil we would all go to see you frequently, as nothing else will convince me that you act from principles of religion."

"Alas! my dear Madam," said I, "the sacrifices you demand are very great, for you know

know that what you now enjoin is against the command of one I must not disobey."

"Is that your only objection?" said she hastily.

"No," replied I, "I have a most invincible dread of the monastic life, I am sure that in uttering the necessary vows I should be perjured."

"Truly," said Sophia, with a sneer, "my sister has a most convenient conscience, that is always against any thing which is not pleasant."

"Cruel sister," said I, "to urge this against me, at a moment when my heart is breaking."

My father then came to take me to the water-side, where Lady Anne already was, with her daughters. My mother kissed me and gave me her blessing at my earnest entreaty—I left her. But, alas! what was taking leave of any other person in comparison with my father, he too wept! yes, though a man and a firm one, he actually wept over me!

What a fervent prayer "did he utter for my happiness, not of this world, but that to come. He exhorted me not to be prevailed on to take the veil, nor to make any public profession of my religion, I promised to obey him, in all things, and my conscience does smile upon me, when I reflect that I ever after kept that promise.

When we were summoned by the Captain of the Packet, my father took my hand and put it into Lady Anne's, who seemed much affected at the scene before her; he looked wistfully at her, then at me, tried to speak, but could not; he pressed both our hands, dropped a tear over them, (methinks I feel the blessed drop now) and then again folded me in his arms, Lady Anne assured him of her care towards me, and that we should write to him from Holyhead, perhaps in the course of a few hours, and then took me from him and we proceeded to the boat.

I looked behind me all the way, and saw my father at the window of the hotel, gazing after me, I could dwell upon this part of my life much longer, my interest in it is awfully pleasing, for I never saw him afterwards.



## CHAP. II.

WIND and tide in our favor, we were rowed with great swiftness down the beautiful Bay of Dublin; not that any of its charms struck me, I did not look for them; and as soon as my straining eyes lost sight of the place which contained my father, I drew their shades quite close over them, and sat weeping. Lady Anne made me sit by her side, and she held my hand but did not speak, thinking it best to let my tears flow uninterrupted, but Miss Daly made some efforts towards

towards comforting me, all of which I was then insensible to.

“Lord,” said she, “how odd to be crying so much when we are going to such a delightful place as France, where we shall get so accomplished and have so much pleasure.”

I did not answer her, but Lady Anne observed, that I was leaving all my near relations, she was not, there was some little distress allowable, but she hoped to see me soon as lively as any of the party.

“And if she does leave her relations, Ma’am,” replied Miss pertly, “I suppose she will see them again; young women cannot expect to be for ever tied to their mother’s apron string.”

“Lady Anne mildly replied, “I hope we shall all meet again the happier for our little excursion.”

We soon came up with the packet, and as we got under weigh immediately, that terrible disorder, sea sickness, changed the source of my grief, indeed it has always such a powerful effect on my frame, that, for the moment I feel as if I did not care for any thing, but almost wished for death as a relief; my companions were all in the same condition with myself, until the joyful sound of the Captain's voice in the cabin next morning, proclaiming land, roused us to exertion, that we might be enabled to quit the ship.



CHAP.

## CHAP. III.

ON our journey from Holyhead to London I had many opportunities of observing minutely the characters of my party, they surprised me, I could not have supposed that such were in existence.

I saw Lady Anne Daly wholly occupied in the care of her children's happiness, attentive to the least circumstance that could possibly conduce to their health or pleasure, and I beheld these very children even seek for occa-

sion to contradict her in matters, either trivial or important, no matter, so as they thwarted their mother, who, it was apparent, had been habituated to that kind of behaviour, by the little notice she seemed to take of it, and though no doubt inwardly grieved, and perhaps angry, passed over all in silence.

I thought frequently, that if such was the natural consequence of indulgence to children, I ought to be grateful for never having met with it from my mother ; but soon I recollect ed the tender love of my father, and found the inference a false one ; surely I did not flatter myself in thinking that I was not capable of behaving in such a manner to him.

There is certainly a medium ; parents may impress respect devoid of fear, and quite compatible with love, on the minds of their offspring, in early youth, which, if they fail to do, instead of meeting the return of affection and gratitude, they are rewarded only with contempt, and perhaps reproach.

Sometimes,

Sometimes, Lady Anne not being present, I have ventured (as young women soon get acquainted when shut up in a room or a coach together) to remonstrate upon the cruelty of their behaviour, their answers were a fresh cause of wonder to me.

“Lord, sister, do you hear her blaming me because I don’t think like an old woman? Why my mother does not expect that we are to give up all our happiness to her old fashioned notions, and if she did, we are independent.”

“That,” said I, “does not annihilate duty, and besides her requests are all so palpably meant for your own good, that were they made by a stranger you would probably adopt them.”

“If Lady Anne is satisfied with our conduct nobody else has any right to speak; and if she is dissatisfied, a remedy will be found very soon,” said Miss Daly.

I dropped the conversation for that time, but could not keep myself from returning to the charge, and at last with success, for the youngest Miss Daly, who was possessed of more sensibility than her sister, was so wrought upon by an account of Lady Anne's visible distress at her obstinacy upon some occasions, that she flew to her, and on her knees demanded forgiveness, acknowledging that it was my remonstrances which had opened her eyes to the impropriety and unfeelingness of her behaviour.

I shall never forget Lady Anne's emotion. At first it was a joyful surprise, and she looked upon her child with rapture, then threw her maternal arms around her neck, and pressing her to her bosom wept over her with transport.

I had no right to interrupt such a scene as this, yet could not refrain from going up to them, and kissing one of Lady Anne's hands with fervour,

your, immediately found myself joined in the embrace ; (Oh ! thought I, if my own mother had ever clasped me thus, how delightful would the recollection be) I was thanked and caressed by both, and Miss Daly coming in, was astonished at our emotions, but alas ! she was wholly engrossed by self, nor sympathized with us. I inwardly gave her up as irreclaimable, indeed she displayed so much ill humour that we were all glad when the coach stopped in London, at Osborn's Hotel.

I had at some few opportunities made observations on the manners of the lower class of people in England, that to me formed a surprising contrast to those of my own country. I had been so used to the submissive, shall I say abject behaviour, of the labouring people, that the independence visible in every look and word of an Englishman in the same class appeared impertinence ; I need hardly say, that experience and reflection have altered my way of thinking, and that I should be proud to see the peasants of my country

know their own worth, and if it be possible to arrive at perfection in any thing, I would have them acquire all the independence of an Englishman without his surliness.

But this is a change depends in some measure on the Government, and I do not meddle with politics; in other comparissons of the national character I prefer the Irish, as having much warmer feelings than the English, of whom I have often heard it is difficult to make them grateful, for that the moment a person ceases his benefactions, their gratitude ceases with it; in short, they only feel the obligation while it exists.

I know, for I have experienced, that the poor Irish are grateful even for kind words, and for any real assistance will be so much attached as to be ready to run any risk to serve a benefactor, or a kind master, nor is the vivacity of their dispositions more different in this from an English peasant, than in the

the strong love the parents have for their children, which they certainly shew with more tenderness than English women, who abuse their infants for involuntary accidents. But the general character of both countries differ much in many respects; the lower order of people in England spend their holidays, particularly Sundays, thus.

They eat as much as they can, drink in the same proportion, and then on a bench at an ale house door, or under a hedge stretched out, fall asleep; while the Irishman on his Saint's day eats to be sure if he can, and must have a little whiskey, but is certain to reserve his penny towards the bagpipes, to which, with his lass, he dances all night, as the other sleeps all day, with his whole heart.

In London indeed there are not any peasants, and, if you have money to pay your way there is nothing but civility to be met with in general. To be sure there are sometimes unpleasant occurrences in the streets,

but

but that is not to be wondered at in a place so very populous; what surprises me most upon reflection is, a certain set of prejudices taken up by the people in genteel life, who have imbibed an idea, that all those so unhappy as to be born in Ireland, must of course be savages; I was once asked very seriously by a lady whether the wild men were near Dublin; whether I knew the use of bread before I landed in England, and how I came to speak English.

Nor can I account for the accent of an Irish person giving at once an unfavorable opinion of them. Why should not Ireland have a peculiar accent as well as any other country on the globe? Has not every County in England their provincial twang, disagreeable always, and sometimes disgusting? But no matter, let it be accompanied even with false grammar, so that it is not the *Irish brogue*, all is well.

I hope it does not argue a natural hatred to a people who fight all the battles for *les braves Anglois* without reaping either honor or emolument, and that likewise so considerably uphold their commerce; not to mention the sinecure places and rich pensions they afford to the very persons who affect to despise a people who were peculiarly blessed by Providence before the English so politely visited them under Henry the second, and considering the bad opinion they have always professed to entertain of them, have rather prolonged their stay beyond what might have been expected.



CHAP.

## CHAP. IV.

WE stayed but a fortnight in London, which to me seemed another kind of world; we were gaping and purchasing all the morning, and the number of rich shops and concourse of people almost made my head giddy; in the evening we went to the theatre or gardens, and sometimes Lady Anne would meet an acquaintance, but every body joined in the cry of "London empty, not a soul in town," which, begging their pardons, I thought not very true, as I was usually almost suffocated with the crowd, but not the

the less enchanted with the beauty and magnificence of the scenery in all the places. I was sure that Paris could not equal London, and indeed was so vulgar as to say as much. But Miss Daly, who knew,—because she had read novels, exclaimed at my Irish ignorance, (for she was already an English woman) to compare any place with dear Paris, particularly London, at such a shocking, dreary, stupid time of the year; so as no one joined in opinion with me I sat down wrapped in stupid and ignorant wonder.

I received two affectionate letters from my father in the interval, and one from my tutor; those from my honored parent were full of the most affectionate sentiments towards me; he gave me my choice, either to board in a convent, or continue with Lady Anne, which latter he recommended, if she appeared to wish for my company, as though by the former I might have more time to learn various accomplishments, I might, by staying with her have better opportunities  
of

of setting them off to advantage, as I should, by being in good company, acquire that ease, which a person may have other accomplishments and not possess.

My dear father could not have proposed any thing more agreeable to my wishes, except indeed he had proposed coming himself, I mean too, unless he had told me that probably I might meet Mostyn at Paris, instead of Connor, which last he gave me reason to expect; that vexed me, to have a man to follow me about as if I was his property, and perhaps make my dear cousin jealous if he heard of it was too bad.

I determined to write the true state of the case to my father, convinced that he would not do a cruel thing by me, and accordingly I did disclose every thing which had passed between us, in pretty tolerable terms, considering that nature only was my teacher upon the occasion, and concluded by saying,

ing, that now he knew every thing I would contentedly abide his decision, knowing that he was the proper judge, satisfied of his paternal love, and convinced of his impartial justice.

Good reader, I will confess that I thought my letter a master piece, and perhaps had not been so lavish in my professions had I not thought myself very certain of my father's concurrence in all that I wished. I knew it was impossible for an answer to reach me before we got to Paris, but having made up my mind upon what that answer would be, I went off quite contented.

I am sensible that I ought to make a new chapter here, and to begin it with an authentic account of our tour, the churches we might have seen, the Inns we did ; throwing in some quaint remarks upon those great and conspicuous personages, the inn-keepers, postilions, and chambermaids, as a book of travels cannot exist without them.

To

To deal candidly, I have expatiated copiously upon this subject, but finding, in the course of my reading, that they are not to be dealt with coarsely, and in plain prose narrative, have laid by all those sheets, intending to make a sentimental journey of them, and shall entitle it, "*The progress of a female heart thro' France, in the Year 1788.*"

I make no doubt of getting through two or three volumes by the help of very little incident, but a number of pious ejaculations, short prayers, and most noble sentiments, flowing like water from a spout, which costs nothing, and refreshes alike the wise and the stupid.

We stopped to view Chantilly, which was in truth the only place we did allow to detain us from *that* Paris, which filled us with such admiration upon hearsay ; but, my worthy reader, (if I ever have any beside Mrs. Blake and the Bookseller) I shall not now give

give you the smallest account of that prodigy of the arts and sciences, as I shall make the most of it in my sentimental journey, where I shall, as usual, personify envy, avarice, &c. but at last philanthropy, from the bottom of my stomach, shall make a speech will frighten them away in an instant, and set me glowing with every kind affection; and Oh! ye cold hearted critics, with what triumph shall my page then crow over you, every line marking your utter downfal.

Lady Anne had been at Paris in her youth, which was very serviceable to us all, as she, without being so very much imposed on as she otherwise would have been, put us into a proper train.

My money was soon gone, indeed Lady Anne for her part laid out what my father gave her to the utmost advantage, but I had not one halfpenny in my pocket, which as I was well equipped, would not have troubled me, as I was never accustomed to any, only

the Miss Daly's were so flush (as it is called) of cash, that it made me appear to myself in quite an inferior light, and how I had squandered the ten guineas which seemed to me an estate, I could not account for; I did not suppose, that giving away five shillings now and then, losing a few more at cards in the family way, going to the confectioner's every morning, while in London, and other such little matters, could possibly exhaust so great a treasure.

You may see what a novice I was, nor can it be thought a wonder, for though my father made me a little allowance of pocket money, my mother always drew it from me in forfeits for something I had done, or to pay for something broken in the house, which was regularly laid upon me. Sophia indeed might break with impunity, for she was the youngest, and beside it was never want of care in her, but merely accident, and she knew how to take care of money when she had any, and

and really would save it for months together without spending one halfpenny.

They all offered to lend me some, but that I would not submit to, so was obliged to stay at home while they went to see all the spectacles, until I wrote to my father, who did not lose any time in sending to Lady Anne an order for another hundred, to give to me as she thought proper, and to direct me in spending. But I would rather have been without the money, than have received the news which came along with it.

You shall have this terrible news as I had my dear reader, for I don't think I can mend the story by relating it myself; so as this chapter is pretty long, the next shall present to you my father's letter.



## CHAP. V.

TO MISS O'FLAHERTY.

MY DEAR GIRL,

“ I AM not either surprised or angry at  
“ the state of your expences, consider-  
“ ing the extraordinary calls you have had  
“ to equip you for the world. You will find  
“ that I have supplied you with a sum  
“ which must last you for the rest of the year,  
“ beginning from the day you left me, and  
“ as your experience is not at present very  
“ great,

“ great, I have requested Lady Anne to be  
“ your banker, and to give you only small  
“ sums at a time, for I understand you are  
“ genteelly equipped, that will be sufficient  
“ if you have prudence, without which there  
“ are no sums you will not squander.”

“ I find you have not yet seen my valued  
“ young friend, Connor, but the reason  
“ ought to make you grateful, for when he  
“ found you were upon a journey to Paris  
“ he immediately took post, in hopes either  
“ to meet you in France or England, and  
“ poor fellow, notwithstanding the eagerness  
“ of his inquiries on the road, and his stop-  
“ ping every carriage to look for you, cross-  
“ ed your party on the water, as he found  
“ out when he got to Dover, where great  
“ fatigue of mind and body obliged him to  
“ stop, having a feverish complaint: He  
“ has written to me a humourous account  
“ of all his disappointments, and perhaps  
“ before this reaches Paris you will have  
“ seen him. I entreat you, my love, to re-

“ceive him as my particular friend, you  
“don’t know how much a young person  
“may do in favor of an agreeable young  
“man, if they but attempt to shake off their  
“little prejudices; you are of a romantic  
“age, you don’t know the powers of your  
“own heart, but believe me, Augusta, you  
“must exert them to be happy. It is not  
“supinely giving up to a first impression  
“which marks a constant mind. The first  
“impression of a secluded young woman is  
“generally a foolish one, and the constant  
“steady mind will break it.”

“I have such particular reasons for say-  
“ing this to you, that I hope you will rely  
“upon your father, and believe that Mr.  
“Mostyn is unworthy of you. I do not by  
“any means wish him to be my son-in-law,  
“his underhand conduct towards you I  
“might have forgiven, had it been followed  
“by a manly ingenuous behaviour, but that,  
“my child, is not the case, he does not step  
“forward and endeavour to obtain you. I

“am

“ am a father, and perhaps partial, but I  
“ think him not deserving of you.”

“ Your mother and sister are in England,  
“ at your uncle’s Lord Mostyn, from which  
“ quarter I have received news that will  
“ surprise, but I trust not much afflict you.  
“ I reserve it however for my next letter.  
“ They are all very well and in good spirits.”

“ Cromlah is rather forsaken, owing to our  
“ retired manner of living since we settled  
“ here, nor can I expect attentions from  
“ those I have neglected; but I live in the  
“ hope of seeing my children happy; your  
“ marrying Connor is a principal view to  
“ me, I am convinced that he will make  
“ you happy unless it is your own fault.”

“ As I have written to Lady Anne by this  
“ post, I have not any compliments to add  
“ to the bulk of my letter. Write soon,  
“ and, my good girl, write truly and sin-  
“ cerely the sentiments of your heart. I

“ would have wished to indulge your inclinations were it possible, and give you my promise not to force you to any thing against them, though I would gladly convince your reason of what I think most likely to conduce to your happiness.”

“ Adieu, my dear Augusta.”

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So great was my wonder at my father's inuendo, and the air of constraint which was visible in the letter, that I could not answer it that day. What could poor George have done to set my father so very much against him? That he would rejoice to obtain me could not admit of doubt, his fears of losing me entirely occasioned his caution, but still there might be a something that I could not develop, and that thought adhered to me all the evening, even though I went with Lady Anne to the theatre royal, and afterwards to the assembly of Madam R——, where

where there was always a collection of really sensible people, who conversed on interesting topics, and where I have since that evening been most pleasingly entertained, but I was now absent to a degree that surprised every body ; I was so confused that when addressed by any person, I returned the answer in English, not knowing what I did, and behaved so like a fool in several instances, that the amiable Marquis de F——, who appeared struck with my first appearance, and to wish to pay me every attention, at last turned away shrugging his shoulders, and exclaiming, *quel dommage*.

At last this long evening was over, and I found myself in my own apartment, where I soon dismissed the servant who attended me, and was undressing myself very deliberately, sometimes repeating, "George Mostyn unworthy, how is that possible?" when Lady Anne appeared *en robe de chambre*.

"My dear Augusta," said she sitting down, "I am come to inquire about your health, for I never saw any creature so much altered as you shewed yourself this evening; but I do not think it is altogether from want of bodily health, can I be of any service to you, for I love to come to the point, at least you may command my best advice, which I the more readily offer, as your father has requested me so to do."

"Dear Lady Anne," said I, "the very thing I have always wished for, is a female monitor, and you shall know all my embarrassments."

So in a pretty round number of words I told my story of mutual attachment, expatiating largely on Mostyn's merit and personal endowments, which I made amends for in the picture I drew of poor Connor, which was, nevertheless, what I then thought, as I was very far from being in a humour to flatter him, and concluded by pulling out my father's last letter, which I own was a  
most

most puzzling one, as I knew his goodness too well not to believe that he wrote as he had reason to believe; but it was still possible he might be deceived, nay it could not be otherwise, for George, and there I launched forth again until Lady Anne, weary of his praises, interrupted me.

“My dear,” she replied, “you talk like an innocent young woman, who has not seen the world; pardon me, if I say, the affair appears to me different from what it does to you, and that I should think your father by much the least liable to be deceived, otherwise he would not act as he has done, for as a mere worldly match, Mr. Mostyn is far preferable to Mr. Connor, if your father looked that way, but as he is a tender and judicious parent, I am sure that mere motives of interest will not sway him, and that his aim is your good, your real good, so, my dear try to think less of the man he reprobates, as a preliminary step to what we wish to succeed, and the sooner you write to your father the better, as

no doubt his next will bring conviction to you."

"That is," said I, "one of my vexations, I wish to write and I cannot."

"Nay, you are not so childish, my dear," she answered, "I hope to see it written and sealed to-morrow by breakfast time."

She kissed and wished me good night.

So, said I to myself, as I fastened the door, every body is in league against poor George, but he has an advocate in my heart, not to be silenced, a judge not to be biased. I went to bed, and after an hour or two of inward agitation, dropped into a sound sleep, which makes a very good climax.



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**CHAP. VI.**

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MY letter was not finished by breakfast time, but as my thoughts were more composed, as soon as it was over I went to the task, it was not very long. I hurried over my thanks for his generosity, as fast as my pen could scribble, and then besought him not to listen to the enemies of myself and poor Mr. Mostyn, who, no doubt, took the opportunity of our absence to make him believe what was not true; I wished he knew George as well as I did, for then he would have the very same opinion of him. I promised

mised to be very civil to Mr. Connor, and was my father's most dutiful, &c.

When the letter was gone, I had leisure to think of Connor, and I hope I did not wish his fever to detain him longer, but certainly could not with all my might pray for his company; his recovery he was welcome to, so it did not produce his presence, but if he does come, thought I, I can be friendly at a distance; very likely by resorting to the house frequently he may fall in love with one of the Miss Daly's, and then my business is done.

I was quite pleased with having settled every thing so prudently, and as it would have been a pity to raise any objection to so good a plan, I forbore thinking any longer of any thing but getting dressed in the most becoming attire and enjoying the Opera and a supper after it, without any drawbacks upon my felicity.

I arose, and was locking up my secretaire, but while doing this, found myself clasped in a man's arms, who had entered behind me while I was occupied. You may suppose I was confounded when I did not know who could take such a liberty, but my consternation was double, aye I may say ten fold, when I heard the voice of Connor, running on with raptures, and joys, and loves, all of which were unluckingly and distressingly placed, at least I thought so.

He was surprised at the anger I expressed upon such very familiar treatment, and told me, that as an old friend and play fellow, without the additional engagement between us, he should have been entitled to a different reception, but added, he supposed all the warm feelings of an Irish woman were to be refined into French sentiment, or English apathy.

“Sir,” said I, “you think your speech a very good one I dare say, but in my idea it is

is little better than adding premeditated rudeness to an affront, that no decent young woman could overlook; as my playfellow, my countryman, and my father's friend, I am willing to forget what is past, but don't talk of engagements I beseech you, for not any exist between us, and that you well know."

"Sure, Augusta, said he, (and seeing me assume a little dignity, for I did not like so much familiarity from him) "sure Miss O' Flaherty your father has prepared you to receive me as the most passionate of your lovers."

"My father, Mr. Connor," I replied, "only recommends, he does not use compulsion; he has informed me of your regard I confess, and his own approbation, but I don't know how it is I cannot —."

"I know how it is with a vengeance, that sneaking fellow Mostyn has enticed you from me."

Behold

Behold me now, reader, in a terrible rage. I did dare to allow myself scope for it, which threw me into such a paroxysm, that I had not words to express myself. At last I made a most formidable rant, concluding with my desire that he would not speak ill of one so much his superior, and ringing for a servant to dress me, walked into the adjoining room.

Well, well, Mostyn, thought I, though all the world rise up against thee, I will resist them.

Lady Anne sent to desire I would go to her dressing-room as soon as I was ready, which I did, with a pretty large remainder of discontent on my brow. That unlucky expression of *sneaking* fellow still vexed me.

“So Augusta,” said she, “you have had Mr. Connor tête-à-tête this morning; it seems he only asked for you and was shewn rather abruptly into your dressing-room, I hope you were not fluttered.”

“Indeed

“Indeed I was, Madam,” said I, “and so would any body at such behaviour,” which I repeated to her. She approved of my resentment, only feared I might have carried it too far; she had seen Connor after I left him, and was afraid that all was not right between us, and in some measure appeased him by asking, if he would be of our party to the *Opera*.

I was vexed enough, at that, “Well,” said I, “there’s an end of my pleasure for the night.”

“I hope not, Augusta,” said Lady Anne, “you must not allow yourself these unpardonable dislikes to any one, especially in this instance, where the only reason you can give is your father’s predilection; for, upon my word, Connor is a very handsome agreeable young man; you that deny him those qualifications allow him to possess a good heart, and own that you did not *dislike* until your father bid you *like* him; reflect, my dear young

young friend coolly, and you will find yourself unreasonably prejudiced, and if so in your dislike to Connor it is possible you may be as much too partial on the other side."

There was such mild good reason in what Lady Anne said, that I could not utter one word in opposition, so I agreed with her that I would forgive the past if I could get his *sneaking fellow* out of my head, and behave with civility until my father's letter should arrive, and then every thing must be explained properly, for at present we were in a very ambiguous situation. I took great care though in the evening to seat myself between the Miss Daly's, when Connor came.

He entered the room as if he was going to school, but when he found I was tolerably gracious, his countenance brightened up and he became the lively creature he used to be, talked to one, laughed with another, played with a third, and always to Lady Anne shewed

shewed a marked difference, that pleased her very much.

I saw he was determined to make his party good, but as he did not pretend to be very particular to me, was upon the whole not displeased at his being of the party, as I hoped it would please my father when he came to hear of it.

Well, we got to the Opera, a new spectacle to me, and certainly a very good one. I was delighted at the splendour of the show, and convinced in my own mind that every thing else would be equal to it, and so every thing was I suppose, for I heard a thousand encomiums.

But, alas! for me, what am I writing for, and so totally unqualified for an heroine, that I have not the smallest ear for music, no taste for any thing beyond St. Patrick's Day, &c. which I had imbibeu an early predilection

iction for, by hearing my nurse sing to me in childhood.

I find that many great geniuses agree with Shakespeare, that I have no soul, or having one, that it cannot be of the best sort; indeed I am not clear from general opinion, that an Irish body is the proper case for a soul be they ever so musical, at least they are not allowed so by the English, who must be good judges; so leaving the subject of mine to the generosity of my readers, I pursue *le sujet de l' opera*.

The overture I did not pay much attention to, for I was not yet tired of gazing; two or three airs and recitatives passed by like the goose and duck in the fables for children, still I had something to look at, but the eye will tire where the understanding is not touched, and I was beginning to yawn when Lady Anne pointed out to my notice Monsieur D— O—.

Princes

Princes are not to be seen every day in Ireland, I had never feasted my eyes with such an object, is it then to be wondered at that I kept Monsieur in view with such a steady aim that at last he noticed it himself, and gave me a smile and half nod which told me so; this put an end to my only amusement, for I had not courage to return to the charge; I blushed, as my warm cheeks convinced me, and did not throw my eyes about any more that night.

I wished to learn if the Miss Daly's were not fatigued, but was answered, with that contempt my question deserved from people of taste.

A French gentleman who sat in the same box, asked me how I liked the entertainments. I (consider my education good reader) answered, "not at all."

He exclaimed, "Mon Dieu!" in such sad and surprised accents, that I directly felt the bluntness

bluntness of my behaviour, and wished to rectify it by stammering out apologies, which if he understood the meaning of, he knew more about than myself; but as politeness was not then annihilated in France, he seemed to be vastly well satisfied either with me or himself.

All this time Connor, who sat behind, watched me closely, and I could not avoid seeing that he did. Lady Anne seemed a little shocked at my want of fashionable manners, and my head ached so much, that I never went to an Opera again.



CHAP. VII.

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AT the supper to which we were invited there was nearly the same set I had seen the night before, at Madame R——'s. Lady Anne introduced Mr. Connor, who was very favorably received; for me, I was looked upon as an appendage to Lady Anne, but in myself nothing, and therefore after the first civilities not annoyed by attentions I had so ill returned the night before, though I cannot say but I was mortified at seeing the Miss Daly's shining in conversation and pleasantry, while nobody addressed me. I

[had

had not one word to say, for I kept aloof from Connor, and that so pointedly, that he, in a kind of miff, had joined a party, at a considerable distance from me.

Unexpected by every body, in stepped Monsieur O——, who first conversed a little with the lady of the house, and then, after looking round, came and contrived to sit next me. I had now attention enough paid me, and that from a prodigious great man.

I was at first struck with all the awe of ignorance, but venturing to steal a glance round the table, I saw Miss Daly looking at me with great contempt, mingled, I dare say, with envy, to see me singled out by such a personage, for we, being strangers, were not acquainted with his bad character. I then thought that if I did not assume courage, I should never feel it, and, cost what it would, I resolved to make an effort to draw myself out of the insignificance into which my awkwardness had thrown me, so I spoke, laugh-

ed, and even attempted to join *la petite chanson*, and came on so surprisingly, that the people stared as if they wished to say to each other, "this is not the fool we thought her."

I was not so well pleased with the sort of attention I saw Monsieur O— wished to pay me; he said, that being struck with my charms at the Opera, he had come an uninvited guest to Madame R—'s, having heard I was to be there, and added, that he should take care to be an acquaintance of Lady Anne's; he despised ceremony, he said, and only enjoyed himself in private scenes with favored friends.

I could not well take upon me to forbid him Lady Anne's house, as that would have been taking his words in the way he wished I should, and that I wished not to take them, so I only mustered up words enough to tell him, that in my country it was not allowable for young women to give invitation to gentlemen, and that I did not wish,

wish, for my part, to break through so good a rule, but that I could not say any thing for Lady Anne.

We then listened to the general conversation; all politics and discontent; the poor King and Queen were abused without mercy. The King represented as the weakest of men, the Queen as the most abandoned of women. D— O— listened with a savage pleasure in his looks, while they lamented that the new constitution would never hold.

"Not hold!" said Madame R— with vivacity, "it must and shall; what! you do not surely compare this glorious revolution to the little paltry rebellions under the Henrys, the Charles's, and the Louis's, where it was only a struggle between villains in place and villains out; this a revolution in the minds of all French men and women, whose souls are enlightened by the wisdom of their philosophers, and who are

all determined to be free, and disdain to wear the chains of a King, or the shackles of a priest. Confess, Monsieur," added she, to an ex-abbé, "confess that we were fools long enough."

"True," said the Abbé, "and likewise confess that we were men of great skill to make you so."

I was frightened at this conversation, and looked at Lady Anne ; she was very grave and silent. I looked at D— O—, thinking that before him complaisance should have dictated a different discourse, but he seemed quite happy, Connor alone looked almost furious.

"I little thought," said he, "that in a company of this nation it would fall to the lot of an Irishman to vindicate the sacred character of their King."

At the word sacred there was a general sneer.

"[

“ I repeat my expression,” said Connor, “ for the more exalted a man’s rank, the more consequence his actions and example ; and who is more worthy the appellation I have chosen, than a man who cannot be proved guilty of any crime ? ”

“ Is not deceit a crime ? ” said they.

“ A very great one,” said Connor, “ but who has he deceived ? ”

“ He put his veto upon measures judged salutary for the good of the people.”

“ Very well,” said Connor, “ he did put his veto ; and for what was he entrusted with the power unless to use it when his conscience and understanding dictated ? If you cannot prove that he had promised never to use that power, there is no deceit in the measure.”

“ He pays and encourages the bigotted priests, even keeping some about his person.”

“ Undoubtedly,” replied Connor, “ that is not deceit, but a plain proof that he will not give up his religion to his interest, as too many people in France appear to have done.”

“His flight to Varennes,” they all cried at once, “in order to join an army, which would have ravaged all France.”

“It seemed to me,” said Connor, (“and I was in Paris at the time) that the mob was hired, either to murder the King and Queen in Paris, or to frighten them out of it, and we all know that your national guards are only valiant in insulting the King, they would scorn to prevent or punish a *citizen* who should play the part of Ravaillac.”

These words were the signal for a general uproar, all the men arose and went up to Connor, who likewise arose and fixed his back against the wall. The ladies were all rushing out of the room. I could not bear to leave one man to perish against such odds. I caught Lady Anne’s hand, and another lady’s gown,

“Dear ladies,” said I, “let us remain, we are safe, our presence is the only preventative of something terrible, let us go between

tween the gentlemen and hinder a rash [ac-  
tion.]

Lady Anne pressed my hand, and allowed me to draw her among the enraged crew, who darted very spiteful looks at us all. The other ladies, after some consultation stayed, upon finding that nobody annoyed them.

There were fifty challenges given and received, I believe, for rencontres are now out of fashion ; the rest of the company sat down again, but we took leave, attended by the rash but brave Connor, who was almost out of his wits with joy at the interest I had taken in his safety.

Lady Anne said, that she thought he might entertain hope from the resolution I had taken to stand by him.

“Indeed, then,” said I, “you deceive your-self, for though all the rest were strangers to me,

had the same accident happened among them, I should have acted the same part if Mr. Connor had not been there ; for where a fellow creature's life is at stake I do not regard little forms."

" For my part," said Miss Daly, " I think all aristocrats should keep by themselves, and not come among free people and philosophers, to throw every thing into confusion. I should be glad to know," continued she, " what the King or Queen of France will ever do for us, that we are to thrust ourselves into quarrels for them."

" Nay," replied Connor, " I have nothing to say to aristocracy or democracy, I have nothing to say to the French form of government, but I did not chuse, as an Irishman, to sit and hear two people abused, who I know have the two best hearts in France. Don't you know," added he, " that their virtues are the very things which make against them ; a mild and merciful government does not succeed in France ; the only good King they have had for two centuries until

until now, they murdered; those who followed took warning by their fate, and ruling with an iron rod, were obeyed with servile awe, which the abject French miscalled loyalty; now that they have got a King who has treated them like his children, and attempted to remove their burthens, who softened their punishments, and abolished their tortures, see their gratitude, french gratitude."

"I don't mean to trouble my head with your disputes," said Miss Daly, "I think the people right, it would be very odd if so many had not common sense to guide them, but I think you had no business to spoil all our entertainment. I declare I don't know when I have felt myself happier than I did this evening, there was so much anecdote, so much pleasantry."

Her petulance made Connor come to his usual good humour, taking her hand, he said,

"My dear Miss Daly, you look handsome in anger, but divine when pleased;

pray pardon me for exciting those amiable terrors that rendered you so interesting this night; but will you, my dear Madam, permit me to plead even after condemnation? I thought ignorantly that France was become a land of freedom, where a poor simple fellow like myself might speak as he lists; you heard pretty great freedom on one side of the question, but the moment a word was uttered in opposition, —”

“ Pshaw!” said Miss Daly, drawing away her hand but smiling, “ don’t tell me any more about it, I was very angry with you.”

“ Charming Miss Daly,” said Connor, “ you do me so much honor, I shall never forget the interest you took in me! How you did scream when those terrible Frenchmen started up all at once, like the devils in Milton, and for what forsooth, to look fierce and chatter like a parcel of monkeys.”

“ Indeed,”

“Indeed,” said Lady Anne, “we were all screaming, and under the impression of fancied terrors going to occasion real ones, but for our brave country woman here, who undauntedly kept us women in the room to protect you men. But tell us, Connor, what are you to do now? You are not by any law of honour surely obliged to fight people who have behaved so ill.”

“No, certainly,” he said, “nor did he think of it.”

I told him that I hoped he would keep his word.

He looked delighted at me, “Oh! Augusta,” said he, “be mine, and I will be all truth.”

Here he checked my feelings at once, for I shuddered at the thoughts of being his wife, though willing to regard him as a generous brave friend. He, who watched

every look, lost all his vivacity at the expression of my countenance, and soon after left us, but with reiterated promises to Lady Anne that he would apply to the protection of the law instead of fighting, and that he would breakfast with us next day.



CHAP. VIII.

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FTER an anxious night I arose early, and met Lady Anne and her daughters in the room where we usually breakfasted; we were all afraid something would happen from the last night's quarrel, though Lady Anne declared, that as Connor had not said any thing personal, and as there were so many against one man, and that man a foreigner, she thought sentiments of honor would prevent their carrying their resentment any great lengths, particularly as Connor

Connor had merely delivered his opinion with the same freedom they had given him an example of.

We all however looked very serious at one another, until the hero of our conversation entered.

Lady Anne asked him if he had heard any thing concerning the little *fracas*—he gratified our curiosity.

Monsieur R—, who had been of the party, called upon him at seven in the morning, and told him, that the gentlemen with whom he had had the honor to dispute, having considered of his being a stranger, and an Irelandois, had thought it too hazardous to allow him to run the risk of fighting so many.

“The French, Sir,” said he, “never take an ungenerous advantage, so if Monsieur will only acknowledge that he did not mean

mean an affront to any individual there last night, he may pitch upon any one of them for the satisfaction both parties demand to satisfy the laws of honor."

"Faith, Sir," said Connor, "the proposition is fair and reasonable, and I accede to it, and thank you to boot, and as I am to breakfast with my sweetheart this morning, and would wish to have the job settled, I pitch upon you, and we'll try our fortune this instant."

And the mad creature called for his sword.

Monsieur R—— was surprised at his promptness, but thanked him very much for the favor he conferred on him. They went out desiring the servant to remain at a distance.

But the damage was not so much as in general french duels occasion; for Connor being a remarkable good swordsman, wounded Monsieur R—— in the arm so much that

that he could not hold his weapon, which Connor took up, presented to him, and calling his servant to assist, tied up the wound with their handkerchiefs, and ordered the man to remain till he sent a carriage. He ran away to procure one, changed his cloaths, and came to us to disclose his good fortune.

This gave us all unfeigned joy.

“ Though, indeed, Mr. Connor,” said Lady Anne, “ if any thing worse had happened we should have come upon you for your breach of promise, don’t you remember?”

“ Yes, Madam,” replied he, “ very well, but will you give me leave to say, that ladies ought not to try to fetter us savage men by promises, which honor and the custom of the world will not allow us to adhere to.”

“ Then you should not make them,” said I.

“ Oh! answered he, “ to satisfy the apprehensive mind of a lovely timid woman,

I would even make a vow, though sure that I could not fulfil it."

"Heavens! what morals," said Miss Daly. For my part I thought of absolution, but I concluded that she, as an heretic, had not so much charity.

Lady Anne now made us all begin breakfast, where she delivered an exceeding pious lecture against duelling, which I am sure met my hearty approbation. Connor too pretended to be edified, and said he would never fight again, looked exceedingly grave, nodding his head, sighing, and lifting up his eyes. We thought him sincére, but since that I have known his real character better.



CHAP. IX.

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A FEW days after we went to court, and were presented to the King and Queen. She had lost that beauty, which only the year before had shone so conspicuous, but had a look of fortitude which seemed to strike an awful respect, at least upon an intelligent mind; the King had an expression of pious resignation; the young Princess, (Madame Elizabeth, was not there) without being a regular beauty, had a sweet and a sensible countenance; and the young Dauphin

phin, dear child! how delighted I was at his vivacity.

The King was, according to his custom, very gracious to us, but not talkative; the Queen said to Lady Anne, "you had great courage, Madam, to leave your own happy country at this time to come here."

"We hoped," answered Lady Anne "that the concessions made by His Majesty had allayed all tumult."

"They ought to have had that effect," said the Queen, and passed on.

These few words seemed to have escaped her unintentionally, for it was very uncommon in the Queen to give any public vent to her feelings, but no doubt she must wonder to see people come in search of happiness to a place where her own was lost.

The venerable Marquis de Mouchy was there, and looked alarmed at the inadver-  
tence

tence of the Queen's expression, by way of explaining it he addressed Lady Anne.

"Our amiable Queen," said he, "is too anxious for the happiness of the people, she would make any sacrifice to attain that object, but they will not believe it, and that renders her unhappy."

Lady Anne said, she was truly sorry to find that any thing should interrupt the happiness of so good a Queen, and that, for her part she was one of those who felt deeply interested for her.

"Strangers are apt to be misled," replied the Marquis, "by people who have no other business than to traduce those inestimable characters before us; what the end will be God knows; but what I now speak of was the commencement. People were taught, for some years past, to listen to falsehoods against a woman who never intentionally errs. Books were published in foreign countries, all

all tending to defame her. There was no other way of alienating those minds that had been at her disposal. What the train will end in, I repeat, God knows, but the intention cannot be good. For me, I am old, and not very able to stem the torrent, what I can do I will, that is, never desert their cause or their persons while I have life."

The good old man kept his word, and some time after fell among the victims to the tyrants of France. The solemn manner in which he spoke affected me inexpressibly, he saw a tear in my eye, and then checking himself bowed to Lady Anne, pressed my hand, and went to the King.

After the usual ceremonies we returned to Paris, where Connor was at the Hotel expecting our arrival, and seemed charmed at the interest I took in the fate of the Queen.

What a thing is prejudice! Miss Daly said, that she looked very fierce, and she dared

dared to say was meditating fresh mischief. We did not contradict, as we all by experience knew that would not convince her, for Miss Daly was a young lady of too much sense ever to change her opinion for the sake of any reasoning she could hear from her family, and she had already formed her own from Miss W—, and other democratic ladies, seconded by the persuasions of Monsieur F—, who had fallen in love with her at a visit.

We went to many parties and visited all the theatres, for Lady Anne found many of her former acquaintance, but all much altered, she said, from the violent extremes of party which raged in Paris, and which swayed every bosom, so as to kindle the most dreadful animosities between the nearest relations; as indeed it must be concluded, that it was impossible for a native to be neutral, and hardly for a stranger, where one side pursued the other with a violence which would

would probably have been returned under the government of a less pious King, but as it was, they went on with a fatal impunity, which was likewise owing to a want of unanimity in the noblesse, some were for the old constitution, others the new, others again found fault with both; each of these subdivisions of a party were averse from joining in the common interest, while their opponents were forming the most artful and yet violent schemes to crush them, as they have done; however, for us, we were courted on all sides for a long time, each party wishing to gain auxilaries even among foreigners.

France was now a most disagreeable residence, and Lady Anne wished to leave it. Miss Daly told her, that certainly *she* might, but that as to herself, she would use the right she had to chuse a guardian, who would probably remain on an interesting spot, likely to become still more so, both to the Historian and the Philosopher.

“ What

“ What spectacle,” added she, “ can the globe afford worthy of drawing one’s mind for a moment from those struggles between liberty and the most confirmed tyranny that ever existed.”

“ My dear,” said Lady Anne, “ we shall in all likelihood get much less partial accounts of this revolution, in any other country; we can here scarcely find two people agree upon the subject, and if there are to be any more struggles, as you call them, it is not impossible but we may be among some of the victims.”

“ Lord, Lady Anne, how you talk, the people are always generous; but I am determined to stay: You know, Madam, that two months will emancipate me from the tyranny of a guardian; and probably I shall settle here, where only the rights of man are understood.”

“ Miss Daly,” said Lady Anne, “ I never made you feel what tyranny was, perhaps it would have been better for us both if I had exerted a little the lawful authority of a parent,

rent, to make you more sensible to the duties of a child."

"Dear Madam," said Miss, with a most impertinent laugh, "don't talk of those usurped privileges on one side, and that abject slavery on the other; a citizen cannot owe any duty but to the state: How can a man or women pretend to be free, to fulfil public offices, to give votes, when they have been educated under the most despotic of all governments, that of an household tyrant."

Poor Lady Anne was obliged to quit the field; she had not accustomed herself to dispute with her children, and was now unable. She retired, and called Grace Daly, fearing her sister might endeavour to gain her over to these fashionable doctrines.

When they were gone I told Miss Daly, that I supposed she did not mean ever to be mother, or a wife, as the former character

she ought to dread, and in the latter she would cease to be free.

“ Why so?”

“ Why, if I answer as a Christian, you must fear retribution for the sorrows you occasion to the most indulgent mother I ever saw; and if I answer as a French woman, or a Philosopher, I think you call it, who would fulfil the arduous task of a mother, if there is no returning duty implied; you would not nurture children who will not even be bound to thank you; and yet methinks you would feel awkward to have them thrown into the Seine, though you will have to plead for it, that all duties being reciprocal, as children do not owe any to their parents, the parents owe none to them.”

“ I do not mean absolutely so,” replied she, “ but there is an age when reason ought to govern, and why is mine to be subjected to an old woman, who has not energy of mind sufficient to throw off the shackles of custom.”

“Far be it from me,” said I, “to argue with a lady so well instructed, I only wish to abide by the dictates of my own simple reason, which tells me, that it is quite necessary to my happiness to have my future as well as present life in view, to which end I think the Scriptures my most probable guide.”

“Oh! the Scriptures!” said she, “read Voltaire, Raynal, Hume, Gibbons, and fifty more, who are become my daily study, and until then don’t pretend to judge of the Scriptures.”

“I do not now pretend to judge of them,” replied I, “it is the latitude in which heretics have indulged themselves which has finally led to atheism, as father O’Callaghan often told me, for it is not every one gifted with an understanding capable of such sublime theory; much less would I trust to myself the study of such pernicious authors as those you mention, and which I have heard my father reprobate. I have heard him quote Locke, Addison, Newton, and Boyle, as sincere believers and devout writers; and, above all,

I have myself read, with edification, the works of that great man, Pope, and to give you the result of my little harangue, if those justly admired wise men were fools, I am content to be ranked in the same class."

"It is idle to talk," said Miss Daly, "to a person who even boasts of her ignorance; there would be little glory in conquering one who cannot fight."

"True," said I, "and one that wraps herself up in the certainty that it is best to err on the safe side, should religion be a dream, should there be no rewards, no punishments, after this world, still the Christian is not worse off than the Pagan; but as these things are, Miss Daly, I am afraid that infidelity will draw a bad lot."

"Come," said she, "now I am to be treated with some of your Christian charity, some of your holy St. Tertullian's triumphs at the poor creatures dancing and singing in hell."

"Heaven forbid," said I, "that any one should feel otherwise than grieved at such a destruction

destruction of the human soul; you injure me, Miss Daly, by such a supposition, but I forgive you."

"Aye," said she, "Christian forgiveness I suppose, to heap coals of fire upon my head, there's one of your maxims."

"That," said I, "depends upon yourself, if I seek revenge I draw down vengeance upon myself; if I forego it and you still injure me, I fix them upon you, which is no more than self defence."

But to repeat all that we said upon the subject would fatigue rather than please, and that were pity.



CHAP. X.

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WHEN I left Miss Daly I went to Lady Anne, who was lamenting, with Grace, the unhappy turn her sister had taken, and that she had been prevailed upon by her to come to France.

“Never ought a mother,” said she, “to give up to her children against her own judgment, and now I cannot leave the ungrateful girl, though I really think she wishes it.”

Poor

Poor Grace was not one that could give much comfort, her stock of ideas was very scanty; she was one who required to be directed, but when put in the path would pursue it in a steady right time, though not perhaps knowing whither it might lead her.

She had formerly been entirely guided by her sister, until I, by interesting her feelings, brought her under her parent's influence, who took the most vigilant measures to retain it, but still Grace had not much to urge upon any subject.

As to me, what could I say? I was a good deal piqued with Miss Daly on my own account, though at the time I would not allow myself even to think so. I had not any comfort to give, so we sat gazing at each other most piteously, when in bolted (with joy in her aspect) Miss Daly.

"Here," said she, "is pleasure for every body, Monsieur D— O— has given notice

for a grand entertainment, and we are included. We shall be in company with Petion, Roland, Brisot, Gorsas, and a number of their women she strung together.

"I shall not go," said Lady Anne, "I have not a good opinion of that set, their public actions are at least dubious, their private characters certainly bad."

"Lord, what uncharitable folks all good Christians are!" said Miss Daly, "so we must deprive those people of our good examples because some of them have formerly done paw-paw things—Well, I will go, Madame R—— will I am sure chaperone on that occasion. It is next week. Monsieur himself is the greatest hero I know, to give up so very much as he has done for the good of the people. Brutus gained by his revolution. Monsieur loses. Will you go, sister Grace, or you, sister Faith, (to me) there will be distinguished females, as well as males; there will be Madam Roland, Mrs. W—— Miss Williams, Madame Silery, in short, if we are to

to go to an entertainment only where we expect to meet with nothing but good characters, this, in my humble opinion, is a great opportunity."

After rattling on for some time she went out.

Lady Anne now burst into tears, wringing her hands she exclaimed,

"My poor child is ruined, and my foolish indulgence is the cause; I deserve punishment 'tis true, but it falls very hard when a child strikes the blow!"

I did all in my power to sooth the unfortunate mother, whom I never before saw so deeply affected, for she had never considered the case so hopeless.

We all determined then to accept of the invitation, to the great joy of Grace. I did not like the entertainer, but comforted my-

self by thinking that there was not much if any impropriety in my going with Lady Anne, by whose side I was resolved to stay all the evening. As to his gallantry to me, I thought very little about it, and when I did, merely supposed it the custom of the country. My staying at home when the party went would favor of particularity, and that I thought would be worse than any thing likely to result from my going. It was my fear too, that Connor would contrive to stay with me, and that was a party I had no inclination for.

So, what shall I say—I do acknowledge my weakness, I thought of very little until the time came, but my dress and the pleasure I should certainly receive at a royal entertainment; for, as to family matters, I had settled in my own mind how every thing must fall out, and how I, in consequence, ought to behave, so felt quite easy in regard to Connor.

After

After my last sentence, I need not apologize for skipping over so many days existence, and introducing myself at the *féte au Palais R—l.* There was music, dancing, and cards, in the several apartments. Lady Anne sat down to the latter.

I attended her for some time, but began to think it would be very particular if I declined dancing English dances, when so many young people were enjoying them so much, and repented my having so positively refused Connor when he asked me to join in them.

I then thought of going to ask his excuse, if I should meet another offer and accept it, as I intended to say that I found myself tired of looking over a card table, and accordingly left the card-room to seek him, he was dancing, so I sat down in tedious expectation.

Monsieur D— O—, who I suppose had watched me, now secured the opportunity of

addressing me in his most fascinating manner. I have heard people pronounce him an engaging man, but it was no such thing to me, I found him detestable. He pretty bluntly (after praising my charms as a prelude) hinted that I had it in my power to make him the happiest of men, and myself the greatest woman in France, only at the small expence of my own and friends, happiness—my peace of conscience—my country, and a few more things, which I was very unreasonable to put into the scale against D—O—; indeed, to deal candidly, I do not think I did throw them in, as they were not wanting, my rising disgust to him weighed down the balance without any thing more. I would have left him but he held my hand.

“ You had better shew more prudence,” said he, “ you are in my power, and must at least listen to me. I love you passionately, or I should hardly repeat such an offer; the first woman in France would be proud to be

be my declared mistress, for she would not then see any one above her. What is the Queen, the Princess, only the more trampled on for their former greatness. I don't live with my wife, do you then stand in her place, and I swear, most lovely woman — ”

“ Oh ! gracious,” said I, “ pray spare your hideous oaths and proposals, which are as disagreeable as your person, and I am sure that is a bold assertion, and since, Sir, I am to be degraded so far, as to be forced to answer such humiliating propositions, know, that were you unmarried and King of France, I would not accept your offered hand, unless in hopes of riding the world of such a monster by — ”

Here I stopped—he guessed the rest.

“ You never saw any thing look so spiteful as this ugly thing, but he held my hand so hard that it was black for a week, and stared at me till I was frightened.

Connor,

Connor, who had his eyes upon us some time, now seeing my vain efforts, to get away, left his partner in the middle of the dance, and stepped up most fiercely.

“Can I be of any service to you, Miss O’Flaherty, shall I take care of you to Lady Anne?”

The monster let my hand go, and affecting a laugh, which certainly appeared diabolic, said, that he had endeavoured to prevail on me to dance with him, but had found me obdurate; adding, you will find my offer ought to have been accepted, but tis now too late.”

He then left us, looking very inquisitively at Connor, as if he would see whether his being favored might not be the reason of my rejecting such splendid proposals, for the wretch had no idea of virtue.

Never

Never did I feel so glad to have Mr. Connor near me before, for I was truly frightened while in the hands of D— O—, and still it would have been ridiculous to make any outcry in an apartment full of company, where of course I was safe from any manual insult.

I felt sick, yet would not acknowledge it, but requested Connor to lead me to Lady Anne, and endeavoured to make him believe what D— O— had related, fearing his impetuosity.

Sitting still was now no mortification to me, as I had quite lost my spirit of dancing for the rest of the night. Indeed I took a dread from that time of what might be the consequence, as I had a few days before heard a great deal about the power of this would be Cromwell, and of his wicked disposition, not forgetting that a rancorous revenge was among his other qualities.

As

As we were going to the card rooms Madame D——, the lady Connor had left in the dance, came up and demanded the reason of such a flight, which put him to a terrible stand, for he had not a sufficient reason to give, as releasing me from a gentleman's importunities to dance was certainly not one.

The Maitre d' Hotel put nearly the same question to him; the only answer to be made was a hundred prayers for pardon and future acceptance, only imploring leave to conduct me to another room, as I appeared rather oppressed in that.

“Mon Dieu !” cried Madame D——, “so she does, do lead her away and come again in a minute, as there is just time for us to dance down the most ravishing dance in the whole world.”

We

We ran away and found Lady Anne still at cards, and a little surprised at my so silently quitting her. Connor was in no hurry to return to his partner, though I begged he would, assuring him that I was very well, until the Maitre d' Hotel came for him.

Madame complained very much to me afterwards of her partner, who was before all life and spirits, almost *comme un Français*, but from something, she said, I had done, was become a mere dull *Anglais*, and danced as if she had been his wife.

Lady Anne, on my account, as I looked pale and grave, would have gone home, but Miss Daly would not go, and Grace begged to stay, which, added to my assertion of being very well, induced her to remain until every body broke up.

At supper Monsieur D— O— honored me with some very significant revengeful looks,

looks, which added a little to the unpleasantness of my feelings, as I was apprehensive of Connor's making himself a party in my affairs, which now that I had time to reflect, I wished to avoid, but at last we got home safe.



CHAP.

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## CHAP. XI.

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THE next day I had a message little expected from D— O—. I had informed Lady Anne of his insulting wicked behaviour; she was alarmed about it, and desired I would write to my father, and beg his advice upon the occasion.

The message I speak of was brought by one T—, a person who has made a capital figure since in the National Convention, but was not at the time I allude to much known. He made very little preamble, but told

told me, that the first of men and citizens, D— O—, was willing still to overlook the shocking terms I had used to him the last night, on account of my uncommon beauty, that he never had nor never could love any woman so much, but dreaded the effect of his violence, should his dislike become as ardent as his present love; he therefore hoped that for my own sake I would consider before I offended the most powerful man in the world, whose wish at present was to lay that power at my feet.

I called the servant to tell Lady Anne I wished to see her; the wretch, T—, concluded, that I was only going to deliberate and ask advice, and ran on with an abundance of the latter, all in favor of the devil and D— O—.

When Lady Anne entered, I flew to her.

“ My dear Madam,” said I, “ is there any way by which I can shew the utmost contempt

contempt for a hideous monster that will not cease to affront me?"

I repeated T—'s conversation, and she told him, that she imagined there would not be any farther necessity for making me repeat sentiments so worthy a virtuous woman; but which it was very distressing to a feeling mind to call forth, and that so good a patriot as D— O— professed himself to be, would shew better principles, by renouncing his vices rather than his titles.

T—, after some grimaces and speeches, which we took in very bad part, made his congé, professing himself edified by our conduct, which has not however been evinced by his subsequent behaviour.

We did not hear any more for some time from that quarter, and I began to be a little easier about it, but the succeeding riots and turbulent behaviour *du peuple*, as it is called, (though for my part I always thought it

was

was one particular set of wretches, who seemed not to have any other employment, and of course had some way of making their living by that) kept me in constant alarm, and I believe Lady Anne, only she thought it the wisest way to conceal her fears, as Miss Daly, who thought herself at the bottom of every thing, constantly asserted that there was not any thing to fear from the people, but every thing from the court, for which she gave us an uncontrovertable reason, the blameless life affected, which was not natural, she said, and which was as good evidence as need be, that they were brewing some device inimical to the good of the people.

This reason, such as it was, I have listened to from several very wise politicians, nor was there any (that I ever heard) alledged which appeared more convincing.

One day, I remember, among other incidents equally unpleasant, the following happened

pened. We were going to visit a lady who had shewn us particular civility, and were to pass a street which led to the *Palais Royal*, and out of that street rushed a genteel looking young man, pursued by one of those frantic mobs so very frequent in Paris. He leaped upon one of Lady Anne's carriage horses ; Connor, who was in the coach, put his head out of the window, and cried bravo, telling the coachman he would give him a guinea, to drive on full gallop until out of danger.

You may think that we were all agitated between hopes for the strange postillion, and fears of the event, both towards him and ourselves. Miss Daly was afraid of being taken for an aristocrat, as she was sure this must be some spy, or monster, or ex-noble at least.

Connor kept his head out of the window encouraging the poor fellow to hold fast, inciting the coachman to drive on, and wish-  
ing

ing the mob at the devil. At last we distanced them so as to be out of sight, and then Connor began to consult us about the best place to put up at.

“ For perhaps,” said he, “ Madame Bergasse may not chuse to incur the danger we have, in succouring an obnoxious person.”

Lady Anne said, that if it could be done with safety she should wish him to come into the carriage, as he would be more likely to point out a proper and safe mode of proceeding than we could.

Connor kissed her hand with rapture to express his delight at her proposal, in the most concise method, and having previously looked to see if the coast was clear, called to the young man to come to us. The coach stopped, the door was already open in Mr. Connor’s hand, and the young man, without

without waiting for the ceremony of letting down the step, leaping in.

How great was our astonishment at seeing in him young Bergasse, the son of the very lady we were going to see. If we had been anxious for his fate when unknown, how much more heartfelt were our sensations at recognizing the son of a friend. We congratulated him warmly, Connor locked his hand in his, and was quite vociferous in his expressions of joy on the one side, and rage at his pursuers on the other.

The young man begged to be carried to his mother's hotel, which was complied with, indeed we were just at the door; when we were ushered into her apartment she seemed surprised at the emotion visible in every countenance. Her son threw himself into her arms.

"Madam," exclaimed he, "but for the refuge afforded me by this company, I had been dangling *a la lanterne*."

He then proceeded to inform us, that having heard a great deal of the intrigues and artifices used at the Palais Royal, to bribe the people, or allure them by other means to rebel against the present government; he felt himself incited by a desire of knowing the truth: That being in the gardens, he saw several men mounted upon stools and haranguing their different auditors, who were constantly fluctuating from one to another of these rostrums, yet still heard of nothing but the misery of France, the wickedness of the court, the profligacy of the aristocrats, and the necessity of pursuing energetic measures, for the *salut public*.

Having attended to a great deal of this odious declamation, he was returning, but was prevented by meeting an old friend, or rather a former intimate, in the ci-devant Marquis

Marquis de Sarni, who asked him his opinion of affairs, but like a true Frenchman, without waiting for an answer, delivered his own, which were quite similar to the sages on the stools, only more expressively pointing out the violent measures they were content to insinuate.

He asked with vehemence, "if we are to have a Louis, cannot we choose between one who is watching the moment when he may throw his chains over us, and the other, who only breathes the spirit of freedom. Louis the Seventeenth," he continued, "will emancipate France, by freeing the youth from domestic slavery. What is it to us young men whether the throne is filled by a good King or a tyrant, if we ourselves are dependent upon some old hunchs of a despotic father; believe me, Bergasse, he will make our daddies open their hoards, and divide stock as they ought to do, the moment we are able to spend it."

Bergasse had made some ineffectual efforts to interrupt this florid discourse, but as Sarni now stopped for an answer, he replied with great indignation, that though he had chearfully given up his privileges as a nobleman, he never would, his loyalty to his King, or duty to his father, and that should the evil destiny of France so far prevail as to seat the monster he alluded to on the throne, he had a remarkable fine fowling piece which seldom missed fire, and a determined finger, that as seldom pulled a trigger in vain."

De Sarni looked at him with a feigned horror, and speaking loud enough to be heard by those around, exclaimed, "How detestable to have an idea of murdering the only one of the Caputs who is a benefactor to the people.

A murmur instantly arose. De Sarni accused Bergasse of loyalty and aristocracy; it spread as quick as lightning, and though he hastened

hastened to get out of the gardens the mob still kept near him; at length he heard the sound of "*a la lanterne*," and being quite satisfied of their abilities that way, took to his heels, and being winged with fear, as he candidly acknowledged, flew swifter than his pursuers until he came to a wall, which might have been a very fatal one to him if he had stopped to consider about it, he did not, but made a leap such as he imagined would have been out of the power of any mortal less terrified than himself.

This saved him, for *le peuple* less frightened at crimes than he at danger, being obliged to take a round had some difficulty to keep him in view. At this juncture Lady Anne's equipage presented itself to his sight, and, for the rest, the reader is in possession of it.

Madame Bergasse was struck with terror at the danger of her son.

" My dear boy," she exclaimed, " it will not end here ; your life once threatened by that faction, cannot be saved in France ; ungrateful people, is this the reward you make a family which has given up so much for you, and so zealously supported your rights ? Dear Madam," said she to Lady Anne, " give me your advice, tell me how to save my child."

Lady Anne endeavoured to calm the distressed mother's fears, by assuring her she thought Monsieur Bergasse was very safe, particularly while the family was cautious, but all our footing could not lull the apprehensions of a parent, apprehensions too well founded to be so readily given up, particularly as Bergasse himself declared, that he should live in constant terror of the people.

At last Connor hit upon an expedient, which was carried into execution. Bergasse was dressed in some cloaths from his mother's wardrobe, and Lady Anne took him to.

to our Hotel in the evening, as a young woman lately taken out of a Convent, and recommended to her for a governess to the family of a lady in England, who had desired Lady Anne to procure such an attendant.

Bergasle made a very decent looking female in regard to countenance, for he was only twenty, and very fair; but to see his awkward step, his man-like attitudes, and his vehemence in discourse, would have been ridiculously comical, had not the cause of his disguise been so much the reverse that it kept us in a continual fright; we were always exhorting him to behave like a lady, and at times when we expected to see any body, used to make him take a needle and retire to a corner of the room, seemingly occupied with his embroidery, which was the cause of much embarrassment, for one day a young lady lately married out of a Convent, as had been the custom, must examine the work, which having been performed by me

was very decently executed, but when she came to speak upon the subject, naming the different stitches, and asking the best method of doing some that she took a fancy to, poor Bergasse was quite confounded.

" You seem," said the lady, " not so ready with your words as your stitches, make some that I may learn the one which has such an effect."

Bergasse prayed the lady to forgive him, for having the misfortune to be deaf, which prevented his having the honor of understanding one word she had the goodness to say.

" Heavens! what a qualification for a governess," said Madame, and left Bergasse in peace to steal out of the room, to which he took care not to return till the hour for visitors was past, and the needle in future was laid aside, but the scheme of being deaf was adopted;

adopted ; indeed it would have been unsafe to lay it aside after once referring to it.

Madame Bergasse was afraid of incurring suspicion by coming too often, and we were careful of never taking him to her house, as it was well known that in each family some of the servants were bribed to give information of any word or transaction that had a public tendency, so that taking him there would have infallibly betrayed our project, in which no servant was concerned or trusted, except Lady Anne's woman, who was of tried fidelity, but perhaps the best guard was her not understanding one word of French, and of course she had no opportunity of babbling ; she was of a discreet age, and took the management of Bergasse in shaving, dressing, &c.

When there was particular company, and when we went out, Connor devoted much of his time to him, accompanied generally

by some of us to avoid a particular appearance.

Grace Daly was the best inclined to make up the trio, as I did not like to be left with Connor, and Miss Daly without any reason, but his being an enemy to disloyalty, stigmatized Bergasse with the name of aristocrat, which being an animal she had a natural antipathy for, she avoided as often as possible, or rather whenever she could hope for the pleasure of meeting with her dear friend.

Bergasse soon found something interesting in Grace, who was really pleasing and gentle, though not very sensible, and she was taken I suppose by flattery and tender attentions, as we poor females sometimes are, so that time did not hang very heavy when they were left with Connor, and Mrs. Mullins, whom Lady Anne always chose to be one of the party.

But

But all this did not happen in a day nor a week, only I thought it best not to interrupt my account of young Bergasse, as it is always in my power to turn back a little to my own affairs.



## CHAP. XII.

A LETTER came from my father nearly as follows.

MY DEAR AUGUSTA,

“ I deplore your delusion and the eagerness with which you hold it to your heart. “ Notwithstanding my efforts to wean you gently from an ill placed confidence, I “ have the mortification at last to fear that “ the blow will find you unprepared. I feel “ for

“ for you, my child, and hope, that in return, you will sympathize with a father, who has no other prospect of happiness in the world than what will result from his children.”

“ I have been alone almost ever since your departure. I told you in a former letter, that your mother and sister were in England, upon a visit to your uncle, Lord Mostyn. I was soon after honored with a letter from my noble brother-in-law, proposing his eldest son for your sister upon conditions that I would break the entail and settle my estate upon her.

“ He mentioned a vast deal about the violence of their mutual passion, insinuating, that nothing but parental tenderness could induce him to make such a proposal, as his son’s alliance was courted by the most opulent families in England; indeed the esteem he had for me, and love for his sister, was a motive too; but that I must

“ be sensible Sophia would require a for-  
“ tune adequate to her future rank, and  
“ that her being so eligibly settled might  
“ be the means of future alliances. He  
“ trusted that I would consider of all the  
“ advantages likely to result from his pro-  
“ posal, and very soon ended his noble  
“ letter.”

“ I need not inform you, Augusta, that  
“ my answer was a positive refusal. No, I will  
“ not cut off the entail, I will not pervert  
“ the order of succession, I will make you  
“ some amends for the unhappiness of your  
“ past life, by preserving your inheritance  
“ safe.”

“ I was writing my disapprobation of such  
“ terms, when father O'Callaghan entered  
“ my study, as I had the day before ap-  
“ pointed, upon some business. I could  
“ not conceal from him my indignation at  
“ your uncle's interested proposal, and he  
“ shewed more surprise than even the pro-  
“ posal

“ posal need have excited ; he told me,  
“ at length, that it was highly proper I  
“ should be acquainted with all Mr. Mos-  
“ tyn’s behaviour towards the family, and  
“ informed me of his attachment to you,  
“ which I look upon as merely a piece of  
“ art in order to secure the estate to him-  
“ self, for I have had reason before now to  
“ believe, that with an equal dower Sophia  
“ was his preferable choice ; had the young  
“ man addressed and convinced me of a re-  
“ gard for you, I, not knowing any thing  
“ against his character, but rather having  
“ a favorable opinion of it, would have  
“ given you to him, but now it is out of  
“ the question.”

“ A short time after, I received another  
“ letter from Lord Mostyn, in rather angry  
“ terms, mentioning, that his son and Sophia  
“ had eloped and taken the road to Scot-  
“ land ; he hinted his thoughts of your mo-  
“ ther having managed the affair, which if I  
“ did

“ did not endeavour to prevent, would end  
“ in the ruin of the young people, as he  
“ should not lessen his income to support a  
“ son who had given such proofs of undu-  
“ tifulness, nor would he allow them any  
“ thing unless I gave an equal sum, as it was  
“ a different thing to support his own chil-  
“ dren when single, or provide for their in-  
“ digent wives.”

“ This happened, my dear, just as I re-  
“ ceived your letter, laying open the situa-  
“ tion of your heart to me, and I was truly  
“ grieved at the different distresses of both  
“ my girls, for I fancy that Sophia has not  
“ drawn a happy lot for herself, and I know  
“ that her temper will not bear contumely,  
“ or even contradiction, you know she never  
“ was used to it.”

“ I waited one day to calm my feelings,  
“ and consider of what I could do with jus-  
“ tice, and then wrote to your mother to  
“ empower her to propose, that her brother  
“ should.

“ should give ten thousand pounds to his  
“ son immediately, I the same to Sophia, to  
“ make proper settlements, and to remem-  
“ ber the fifteen thousand Sophia would in-  
“ herit upon her demise.”

“ I acknowledged that it was a very un-  
“ warrantable step on both sides, but that I  
“ did not think in pecuniary matters my  
“ daughter had any extraordinary advantage.  
“ I hoped that Lord and Lady Mostyn would  
“ forgive them as cordially as myself, as  
“ we were equally offended, and that Mr.  
“ Mostyn would settle his affections where  
“ they now were due.”

“ I mentioned Lord Mostyn’s fuspicions  
“ to your mother, expressing my sentiments  
“ upon the subject, which I shall not here  
“ repeat. Your mother does not disown a  
“ preyious knowledge of the fact, but in  
“ strong terms attempts to justify the con-  
“ duct of your brother and sister, rather  
“ blaming

“ blaming Lord Mostyn and me for throwing  
“ obstacles in the way of such an union, and  
“ insists that I shall allow them, during my  
“ life, in addition to what I proposed, five  
“ hundred a year, on which condition Lord  
“ Mostyn will give up an estate nearly equi-  
“ valent to that sum, and permit them to  
“ reside with him in the summer months.”

“ I shall give up that point, the money will  
“ be well laid out, if thereby I can purchase  
“ content to myself and family, nor will  
“ they have to receive it long, for my feel-  
“ ings tell me very explicitly, that old age  
“ will not be my portion. I have invited  
“ them to come over and receive my bles-  
“ sing; I would, if possible, reconcile my-  
“ self to every body in the world.”

“ Now, Augusta, you are painfully con-  
“ vinced of the promptitude of your own  
“ judgment, I trust you will more readily  
“ confide in that of an anxious friend, who,  
“ disclaiming authority, only wishes you to  
“ adopt

“ adopt the plan he has long laid before  
“ you. In bestowing yourself on Mr. Con-  
“ nor you will assert your own dignity to-  
“ wards your brother-in-law, gratify me,  
“ and secure a protector, which I wish you  
“ to do before you return, as it will not  
“ be desirable to oppose your mother on  
“ the spot, and I know she will never con-  
“ sent to your marriage.”

“ I have written to her on the subject,  
“ and she, in return, acquaints me that I  
“ should transmit to you her positive disap-  
“ probation; with pain I beseech you not  
“ to adhere to it. It distresses me to tell  
“ a child not to obey her mother, but there  
“ will sometimes arise causes where they  
“ ought not to sacrifice themselves to the  
“ prejudice even of that sacred relation. I  
“ do not chuse to be diffuse upon a subject  
“ which has so fatal an effect upon my mind,  
“ I only hint, that all duties being recipro-  
“ cal, a child calls loudly on its parents for  
“ their

“ their part, and on the failure may justly  
“ feel aggrieved.”

“ I have written to Mr. Connor, and to  
“ Lady Anne; I say nothing of D— O—,  
“ because if that persecution is not over,  
“ your marriage, and subsequent return to  
“ Ireland, at once will remedy every thing.”

“ Adieu, my dear Augusta.”



CHAP.

## CHAP. XIII.

I ENDED the chapter, Oh ! beauteous reader, it was long enough, which was indeed a most sufficient reason, but there lays behind another. I would have you pause upon the contents, and consider how I should proceed in my future life.

I might have gone into a Convent — I might have lived a picture of mild placid woe—I might have taken a fever, and raved alternately of Mostyn and my lap dog. — Undoubtedly there are many models extant of

of ladies deserted, or I believe deceived rather into such a belief, for who ever deserted a heroine? But, alas! I could not copy models I had never viewed, and nature alone guided me.

I was too much grieved, I will acknowledge, to weep, and I was so very much shocked as not exactly to recollect where I was, but I did not feel any great resentment even to Mostyn, much less reproach him as the seducer of my affections, indeed I had unseduced and ignorantly bestowed them upon him honestly and warmly. I believe I thought very hardly at the time of my sister. There is such a passion as love, let people say what they will, and my idea of the particular pain I then suffered was, that my heart was torn from me, never to be restored.

After I had enjoyed myself some time in the enviable state I just mentioned, Lady Anne came to me, looking, dear woman, as anxious

anxious and melancholy as a statue of pity. The sight of her sympathizing countenance was of service to me, for I then wept. She took my hand, sat by me in silence for a while, drying my tears with her handkerchief, and then besought me not to give up for a day, no, not for an hour, to such a weakness; that a resolution to exert myself was more than half the cure, and that my father's peace and comfort called for my most particular attention.

“ I acknowledge it does, Madam,” said I, “ and am only weeping, I believe, at some affecting passages in his letter; why should I be vexed if my cousin prefers my sister? People will break their word sometimes—I am not thinking of him I assure you—I know Sophia had set her hopes upon him—I dare say she used a thousand arts to charm, a thousand falsehoods to delude him. But why should I reproach her, complaints are the weak mind’s comfort.”

“ True,

"True, my dear," said Lady Anne, answering my nonsense, "your loss will be, I hope, well repaired, Connor is a valuable young man, and, I will answer for him, a sincere lover."

I started. "Lord bless me, said I, "is there no alternative? Must I then have Mr. Connor?"

"Indeed there is not, my dear, replied Lady Anne, "if you chuse to be guided by duty and prudence, setting aside your love for your father."

"That shall never be set aside; who else have I in the world on whom I can rest my slighted affections?"

"You will see many," said she, "if you allow yourself to look round, the deceit of one person must not disgust you with all; a misanthrope is always a disagreeable, and in youth an unnatural, character. Your father has written to Mr. Connor to inform him that he thinks you will listen to him with more complaisance, in consequence of his having

aving written to you on the subject, and  
hat he wishes you may be prevailed upon  
o fix an early day, as it will be more expe-  
lient to perform the nuptials in France, and  
quick departure from this unhappy coun-  
ry will be very desirable."

" My dear Madam," said I, " have  
patience a little while, I do not mean to op-  
pose my father's wishes, nor do I intend to  
grieve that my own are not gratified ; but  
as I never yet could bring myself to think  
of Mr. Connor as one who was to be united  
to me, I would fain have a little time to  
call back my thoughts, if I may use the ex-  
pression ; permit me to take one fortnight,  
not for consideration on the subject, for I  
am resolved, but to study resignation. I  
will, after that period agree to every thing  
which you and my father shall desire."

Lady Anne kissed my cheek, and told me,  
she thought my request so reasonable that  
she would certainly give me her interest to  
have it allowed.

"But I believe, my dear Augusta," said she, "you must reason with Mr. Connor a little yourself, for he is impetuous, full of love, and at present buoyed with hope; will you see him?"

"Reflect, my dear Madam, replied I, "what my request implies, and which you this moment approved of; indeed it will be better not to see Mr. Connor, except as usual in the family circle, until my allotted time is expired, after which I will endeavour in all things to demean myself as shall be becoming his future wife. I would likewise wish to be indulged sometimes in the privacy of my own room, merely, I confess, to avoid having his company at present; and, above all, that I have just mentioned, let me hope you will tell him my determination is accompanied with your own approbation."

"I will indulge you," said the kind lady, "but I foresee a stout opposition on the side of your lover; to day you will have a good excuse, as I suppose you will write to your

father,

ther, but remember you promise after the  
fortnight to make amends."

"If bestowing my hand on him," said I,  
be making amends, I do promise that, and  
my best endeavours to make him happy."

Lady Anne departed, and I sat down to  
paint my sorrow for being the cause of an  
instant's pain to so good a parent, and yield  
my full consent to obey him in marrying  
Mr. Connor. I requested him to congra-  
tulate Sophia, and professed that she could  
not be otherwise than happy with the love  
of Mostyn, that I wished them both to be  
so, for my own part, I only requested the  
delay of a few weeks and I would become  
what he wished me.



## CHAP. XIV.

FINDING that my thoughts were not very pleasant, I took to reading books of a lighter nature, than had been permitted me when under the tuition of father O'Cal laghan.

I was soon disgusted with French novels, they were so full of sentiments, many of them not more foolish than wicked, but so gilded over with the finery of language, that they might be often dangerous. I did not find them

them so, for my taste was not refined enough to relish them.

I believe I ought to blush when I acknowledge that I read Rousseau's confessions, but I have some obligations to that book, since to my shame (I suppose) be it spoken, though my state of mind was not the merriest in nature, yet it gave me frequent opportunities of laughing over his most serious affairs, they appeared to my foolish imagination to be managed so ridiculously. He was possessed, as he thought, of delicacy to the utmost refinement, yet married a vulgar girl, who could not even read, and not of the best character in the world, before he took her into keeping. He boasts of feelings exquisitely tender, yet whenever his dear Theresa presents him with a child it is popped into the Foundling Hospital.

His falling in love for the first time was a comedy to me; I often pictured the charming old gentleman to myself, while his grey

hairs shook with despair, weeping with his head upon Madame F—'s knees, whom he congratulates upon her fortitude in resisting him, and being able to preserve her constancy for a young and agreeable lover, for her husband I suppose would never have been an obstacle in the way of the gallant Rousseau.

As to his amusements, they remind me of my own in childhood, when I have supposed myself a fine grown personage, and engaged in conversation with another ideal personage, as full of sense as my great self. This I called playing ladies and gentlemen, but Rousseau made it playing at novels, as he has compiled all his play together under the title of Eloise.

But if I dwell so long on the dear, delicate, amorous, gentleman, I shall never be able to resume my gravity again—so a truce with Rousseau.

I had other occupations beside reading novels, I received the first letter my mother ever honored me with; it shall speak for itself, if the reader will please to peruse it.

---

DEAR AUGUSTA,

"I have been so much taken up with your sister, Mrs. Mostyn, lately, that I could not find time to answer your letters, but there was nothing of consequence in them, and I had affairs of considerable importance to think of. Sophia is a credit to her family, I should be glad to have you the same, but, poor thing, cannot expect you will ever make a Mrs. Mostyn. Had you been guided by me, things might have turned out according to my rank and expectations, and who knows yet what may be done."

G 4

"I

“ I command you not to think of that  
“ Mr. Connor, those Irish connexions are  
“ not creditable at best, but I have still  
“ stronger reasons which I may reveal at a  
“ future period ; indeed my opinion of your  
“ case is, as you know, that you cannot  
“ marry while Mr. O'Morc is alive ; but  
“ I have found you to have a very conve-  
“ nient conscience, which will prompt you  
“ to disobey your parents one time or ano-  
“ ther, or to submit to them, as it may be  
“ suitable to your own purposes.”

“ Mr. and Mrs. Mostyn desire their love  
“ to you, and beg me only to mention that  
“ their future notice of you depends upon  
“ your submission, where it is most due, and  
“ my positive command is, that you think  
“ not of Connor as an husband, and I can  
“ undertake to make your father, (who, poor  
“ man, has not my understanding, as every  
“ one says) approve of your refusing such a  
“ preposterous match.”

“ Your affectionate mother,

“ AUGUSTA GEORGINA O'FLAHERTY.”

How to answer was perplexing, but as Lady Anne and myself were unanimous that my father had the first right to both my obedience and love, I would not listen to the voice of inclination, which whispered that there was an opportunity to emancipate myself from a yoke which I did not relish. I must struggle with duty chuse which side I would, but my father's peace was now my dearest object, and I was beside resolved to take off as much of my mother's displeasure from him to myself as possible. In that frame of mind I at last sat down, and composed the following letter.

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THE HON. MRS. O'FLAHERTY.

DEAREST MADAM,

"I shall be always happy to be honored with your letters, particularly when they

G 5.

"contain

“ contain such pleasing accounts of the happiness and high rank of Sophia, who, as you truly remark, I must despair of imitating; one possessed of my deficiencies must be content in an inferior circle, as there is a better chance of moving in it unobserved.”

“ Mr. Connor has solicited and obtained my father’s consent, and my promise, pardon me, dear Madam, that I have not till now asked for your’s, which I now do, with my urgent request that you will not withhold it, you will then see one of your daughters great, and the other content in the station which nature seems to have peculiarly marked out for her. Indeed my inclinations are so humble that I am not terrified at the idea of losing the notice of the Honorable Mr. and Mrs. Mostyn. If I can attain my dear mother’s favor I shall think that they have very little concern in a sister’s happiness, who was not consulted

“ consulted in their's. Nor can I accuse myself of being Mr. O'Morc's wife, as the law did not warrant the marriage, and I am certain that I did not; if it is to be looked upon as an union, a person may be married while walking in the street to any indifferent object in it, without knowing for whom the ceremony is read.”

“ Let me conjure you, my dear mother, to forgive any improprieties which may be contained in this letter, nothing undutiful can flow from my heart, a heart all love and duty; but let me hope, since my good father does not oppose my happiness, you will be as complying, and allow me to subscribe hereafter as I now most fervently do,

“ Honored Madam,

“ Your dutiful and affectionate,

“ AUGUSTA O'FLAHERTY.”

When I wrote the words, "my happiness," my heart ached, for how was I to obtain it? and I own it was mortifying to my pride to thus tacitly allow of my having a love for any man; but Lady Anne approved of the letter, and even repeated the contents to Connor, (as I heard afterwards) to his great joy, and he could hardly be restrained from breaking in upon my retirement, which I very cautiously kept from his rude and distressing invasion; a few days and my time would not be my own; this one fortnight was all the liberty I should have for life.

In order not to appear particular, I always went down at meals, and allowed with as little reluctance as possible of Connor's attentions, but took an early opportunity of returning to my studies and meditations.

It was with a sigh, and a deep one, I recognized the last day of my fortnight expired. Ye fair daughters of love and sensibility

ility conceive yourselves in my situation, when the whole family withdrew professedly to leave me to the addresses of a man I scarcely less than hated, and whose ardent love but rendered him the more disgusting. Will you pity my feelings, will you allow the repugnance with which I could not help receiving the most impassioned address; then the kiss on my hand, and such an earnest look as abashed me, and for a long while choaked up all utterance. At length I summoned courage to interrupt a speech full of flattery and folly.

“ Mr. Connor, there is no need of so much adulation, I will tell you plainly, that it is not in your power, nor I trust in any other man’s, to inspire me with that violent kind of love which you appear to feel. Nay more, had I my own choice it would not be matrimony. Can you, after this candid declaration, still wish to unite yourself with me?”

He

He hoped by his assiduities to awaken my sensibility, and make me love him thro' gratitude.

"Well," said I, "if you can be contented with that poor chance, I don't mean to withdraw my consent, but remember, I can only promise esteem and duty, and that I have told you beforehand I cannot love."

Oh! every thing was agreed to, so that I would be his wife. Indeed I had but little hope that he would reject me, but I thought common honesty required he should not be deceived with an idea of my entertaining an affection for him...

Having explained myself so far, I was determined to force my inclination and behave towards him as kindly as possible.

## CHAP. XV.

I HAVE heard some women assert that the days of childhood and of courtship were the happiest in their lives, they perhaps spoke from experience; but my childhood was spent in sorrow; and, as for courting, I endured it as an infant does the drug he is compelled to swallow for his good. However, I set my shoulders to the wheel, and used to sit for an hour at a time with the most gracious countenance I could assume, to hear Connor make love.

At

At first this was taken as a great condescension, but in a few days my indifference to all his speeches, and my firm refusal of all manner of caresses, were continual sources of complaints from him and vexation to me. I could not but assure him that it was not in my power to give my heart, and still less to counterfeit; my hand shall be your's, my good opinion you possess, and my duty as a wife shall be most faithfully fulfilled; if you cannot be so satisfied, leave me to a single life, but I beseech you do not expect me to allow of endearments before marriage which at least are indelicate and fulsome.

Out would he fly upon that, as if I used it for a watch-word—I hated him, that was plain, for such trifles as he sued for were never refused in our situation; and then, I wanted to provoke him to give me up, that he might be looked upon in a dishonorable light.

He

He would repeat all this, and much more, until he was out of breath, then take my hand tenderly, and ask if I hated him. This I constantly denied, then he was at my feet to thank me for so much goodness, he should never be worthy of it, but his endeavours should be unremitting, his every minute occupied to please me, all his attention drawn forth in constant array to gratify any wish I might form.

My lovely young readers, these promises cost nothing, please often, and are easily given; not but what Connor was sincere, that was his characteristic; and, no doubt, so are others at the instant they are requesting the disposal of our inclinations, our persons, and our purses; but they are often equally sincere in a total revolution in their sentiments when we have put it out of our power to alter the disposition we have made of ourselves.

I do not mean, like some disappointed maiden, to rail indiscriminately against the whole

whole sex, they are as often good as we are, I believe, but they are too much addicted to that one fault of promising more than it is probable they can perform.

When Connor came to speak of the wedding day, which he was not very backward in doing, I replied, that as it was my resolution to comply with my father's will, I should not protract it longer than decency required, that I thought it proper to wait some time for an answer from my mother, but that to shew it was not an excuse, I would consent to fix that day fortnight, hoping that a few days after we might set out for Ireland.

For a wonder he appeared satisfied, but what a work I had the rest of the fortnight to keep him from manual courtship. Lady Anne was against me—Miss Daly said that under delicacy and over delicacy were very near neighbours—Grace used to wonder at me, with a gentle tone of voice. Alas! she only

only thought of herself and Bergasse, on whom she doated already, and he used to walk or sit with his arm round her for hours.

Perhaps had I loved Connor better, I might have been more complying, but as it was, his making complaints to Lady Anne very much provoked me, and I often secretly wished it was in my power entirely to discard him. I was sensible that it did not promise well for a marriage, when there was so much discord before hand, and remarked so to Lady Anne. She answered, that lovers always had some quarrels, and bid me observe that ours were all founded upon Connor's excess of tender passion, which was a very good basis for matrimonial happiness. But, surely, thought I, a little cool reflection would be a good ingredient along with it.

I have said that the wedding day was fixed. Before it arrived I received another peremptory letter from my mother, ordering me home

home immediately, that she might keep me from degrading my family, as she stiled my projected marriage—it would not have broke my heart to have obeyed this mandate.

She likewise wrote to Lady Anne, desiring her to send a servant with me as far as Calais, there to put me on board, and at Dover I should be met. I was just to write to mention the day, which must be the very next after receiving her letter.

How hard is it for a child, wishing to fulfil every duty, to find it impossible! The same post had brought me a most affectionate letter from my father, mentioning his joy at my prospects, urging me to hasten my marriage, to have it celebrated in the ambassador's chapel, and obtain certificates, &c. as to settlements, there need be no delay on that account, as he would secure the estate in such a manner as would be sufficient for me and younger children. Mr. Connor's he knew to be entailed.

My

My dear father sent me an order for five hundred pounds, to lay out myself, that I might make a proper figure in Ireland, without having recourse to my husband's generosity.

As to my mother, 'twas a task indeed to answer her letter. Connor advised me not until the ceremony was over, and so ask pardon for all at once, but Lady Anne was of another opinion, so I, with all the respect in the world begged in my letter that she would forgive my not being able to obey her without disobliging my father, whom she had taught me to honor; for as he had given his consent and thought himself bound, I was under the necessity of adhering to it; that I hoped, as the affair was likely to be soon over, she would forgive, and look upon me as her affectionate and dutiful child.

## CHAP. XVI.

M EANTIME Bergasse made so good an use of his opportunities as to be able to announce to Lady Anne that his happiness only depended upon her, for that Grace had acknowledged her regard.

Lady Anne was not formed to refuse, she only required, that provided Monsieur and Madame Bergasse, consented to the union; he should settle with Grace in Ireland or Eng-

gland, until he might safely venture to shew himself in France.

His parents were very well pleased at an alliance, so particularly desirable for him at such a period, and old Monsieur Bergasse gave up as much property in plate, jewels, and money, as he could realize without suspicion, which amounted to near ten thousand pounds, it was deposited in the hands of a banker, to be transmitted to London; as to lands, there was no settling them at this crisis, nor could any body venture to assert much power over their estates, from the fear of being deprived of them.

It was a sort of comfort to me, to have a companion in wedlock, as it was settled that Bergasse should be married privately the day of my public nuptials, which was an exceeding good precaution, as the bustle we made took off all attention from them, and the same chaplain that fastened my knot in church, officiated for them in a private room, with

with only the parents on both sides and the faithful Mullins.

These matters were easily settled, as Bergasse's family were Hugonots, but a very material punctilio remained on my side to be adjusted. In short, the ceremony I had gone through at the ambassador's chapel was not binding, to me, nor would I listen to a word about the legality of the marriage, nor consider myself as a wife until they procured a priest to marry me according to the forms of the Romish church.

Certainly nothing could be more reasonable, I think so to this day, when, on retrospection, many of my actions bring me in self-condemned. But pray, reader, could a girl of common delicacy give herself up to the embraces of a husband, she could not think properly nor religiously invested with such rights. I would not abate one tittle of my demand, but you never saw a man so altered;

tered, from all joy, rapture, and the pinnacle of happiness, to storming, fretting, beseeching, and indeed behaving almost like a mad man, so that the guests were all struck with astonishment, and some of the young men concluding we had quarrelled, obligingly offered their good offices, not to reconcile us, but to endeavour by their assiduities to console me for his want of *bienfiance*.

He had some reason to be embarrassed, for as this second solemnity was to be quite private, we did not know who to fix upon. True it is, I had long chosen a confessor, but the good man about a week before had been obliged to fly from the furious *Parisians*.

Lady Anne had no occasion to cultivate any particular acquaintance with the clergy, who indeed were not often to be met with now, though formerly so much honored, and the Bergasse family being Hugonots, were not very cordial with them; so Connor and

Lady Anne were puzzled to a degree that almost grieved me, notwithstanding the inward pleasure I felt in asserting such laudable principles.

When they proposed a constitutional priest I shuddered with horror, as I believe any one, would who reflects upon their bartering the whole religion of the kingdom merely for a poor provision, and the hope of security, I do not think they can expect absolution. I said I would sooner have a Rabbi, or a Mufti, and joined the company, not liking to be noticed in these particular conferences.

I felt a kind of satisfaction difficult to account for, unless it were a secret pleasure at the delay to my real nuptials, what is called putting off the evil day. I even danced, which exasperated Connor so much, that he vowed he would assert his power over me, that I was his wife, and he would convince the world of it, nor allow me to use him as if he was utterly unworthy of me. What would

would my father say, he would appeal to him.

I answered, he might do so, as my father ever had a due regard to a tender conscience, and made frequent sacrifices of his own will, even when conscience was not in question, and that it would be very hard, if when I was giving up my liberty and every native right, it might not be allowed me to have the sacrifice I made valid, when that was all I insisted upon.

Then he teased me for not mentioning the subject before, to which I replied, the delicacy of the subject.

“Rather,” said he, “your dislike to it.”

But at last he jumped out of the room, and left us to dance, or play cards, or sup, or what we chose, for he did not return.

Madame Bergasse staid after the rest of the company, and declared it was the most surprising wedding she ever witnessed, as she accompanied me up stairs.

Lady Anne was angry and very much afraid that I had affronted Connor so greatly that he would do something very violent, and he forsooth was not to be blamed, but I, poor I, was the cause of every thing.

Madame Bergasse left us to see her daughter-in-law and give her blessing, and it was then I got the best part of my lecture. She returned at last, to my great comfort, and took Lady Anne down stairs to consult about some matters concerning the young couple, and I did certainly enjoy the comfort of having my room to myself.

People may talk of reflection on the past, or anticipating the future, I thought that the moment then present was the most comfortable of my life, because too it was enhanced

by

by the dread I had been in all the day preceding, of having the economy of my apartment quite disturbed by a male companion, (I must not say intruder) there I lay in my charming new lace night cap, quite pleased with my situation, and only sorry it could not be every night so, when Madame Bergasse ran in, astonishment in her looks.

"So," exclaimed she, "Madame is a Catholic."

"Well," said I, "What does that import?"

"Only," returned Madame Bergasse, "there is your bridegroom, who after searching half Paris has brought an ex-priest to go over the ceremony, which was before compleat. Pardon me, Madam, but you have made a very unnecessary eclat about this affair."

"Nay," said I, "it is others make the eclat, quite contrary to my wishes, who would think of being married at this time of night, for heaven's sake, dear Madame Bergasse, go to Mr. Connor, and pray of him to

wait till morning, and it shall be as early as he pleases."

"Yes, yes," said she, "no doubt it will be very easy to dissuade a young man from possessing the woman he loves, and has acquired a right over, but I shall tell him you are in bed, and do not like to be disturbed. Perhaps an Englishman may have that respect and obedience you so much desire, but with a Frenchman it would not be productive of any good."

"Only be my friend, dear Madam," said I, sitting up in bed, "this time, and I'll do any thing you please to-morrow."

I was begging her intercession, and she was reasoning with me, about the evil which might result from irritating my husband, when he, weary and impatient at the delay, walked in. I popped my poor head under the bed clothes in a minute. Madame Ber-gasse very kindly endeavoured to prevail upon him to desist from making me rise, as

a few hours would bring on the time I requested, and that it was not decent to go in such a bustling way to so solemn a ceremony.

“ Faith,” said Connor, “ I am for dispensing with any more ceremony, we have had enough of it, and so my dear Madame Bergasse if you will give me permission to wish you good night, I’ll go to my repose, my night-cap is here, and I am quite sleepy.”

I called out, “ don’t leave me, Madam, for goodness sake.”

“ Why,” said she, “ I cannot stay, for your husband is undressing, his coat is off already.”

So it was indeed, for I raised one eye.

“ Well,” said I, “ only leave me, Mr. Connor, to rise, since you will not make any other compliment to my wishes, and I promise to join you in a few minutes.”

He was very unwilling to comply, but as I had got my maid in the room and Lady Anne had joined us, in order to accommodate matters, he retired to the next room, and I put on my morning dress..

I found him waiting, with Monsieur Monnier, who had been *curé* of the Parish of St. Sulpice, but was now living upon the pious benefaction of Louis the Sixteenth, as he was too conscientious to disclaim those ties of religion, that were called shackles by the sovereign people.

I have reason to imagine that Connor had given him a handsome present, to induce him to come in such an irregular way, and as there was not any thing unlawful or wicked, who can blame the good father for accepting of it.

## CHAP. XVII.

NOW that I was Connor's wife, I ~~de-~~  
voted myself to my duty. I was all  
complaisance and smiles. I endeavoured to  
persuade myself that my regard was increas-  
ing for him, I struggled with my feelings,  
and tried to be all love and tenderness, at  
least I wished to have that semblance, think-  
ing that with such motives as mine, such  
hypocrisy was laudable.

H 5.

Still

Still he complained of my coldness; he said I had no ardour, I did not know what love was. I often wished that he had the same fault, for it is terrible to have so much love on one side, and nothing but forced regard on the other. Poor Connor, I always wished him happy, and would have laid down my life to make him so, for it was a wretched one. But it was my misfortune to be a perpetual source of unintended misery, for he could not be satisfied without a return of his passion, equally warm, equally violent. All I could do rather seemed to irritate, for he was too discerning not to perceive that I laid myself under constant restraint in the vain attempt of satisfying his affection.

Sometimes after bitter reproaches he would melt into sudden contrition, and almost weep over me, deplored my fate in being united to a being so unreasonable, as he styled himself, then beg of me not to despise him. I always endeavoured to reassure him, and some-

sometimes nearly succeeded, but never entirely.

Thus was every prospect for my happiness entirely overthrown. First my own sanguine reliance on Mr. Mostyn's love, and secondly the more rational plan laid down by my father, by which indeed I did not expect to derive any happiness, but the secondary one of promoting it in those about me, to which object I resigned myself, and now had the mortification to see it fly after the rest, for my husband was wretched and I knew would never disguise it from my father, who would feel for us both, and probably accuse himself as the promoter of it. So I found, upon reflection, that in youth, by expecting too much we don't enjoy anything, and by resigning too much we lose all.

But reflection was produced by disappointment, and disappointment became a blessing; for while my hopes and wishes were

bounded by the things of this world, my thoughts were, notwithstanding some transactions, too little engrossed by more material concerns; I beg pardon, not material but spiritual concerns.

I now took myself to task, I confessed myself thoroughly, I sought objects of charity, I staid at home to read and meditate, and found a certain inward peace was the result, and in the midst of my future afflictions that blessing adhered to me, so that I always felt a prop to support myself under every distress.

My thoughts leant forward to the hope of quitting France and embracing my father, but we met with frequent disappointments relating to passports; we could not identify Bergasse satisfactorily to those who issued them, and Connor, in the zeal of friendship, had sworn not to go without him. I did not blame Connor, but I was hurt at reite-

rated disappointments, and the more, as father O'Callaghan wrote to desire I would come over as soon as possible on account of the declining state of my dear father's health.

I earnestly entreated to be allowed to go with some trusty servants, but Connor shuddered at the idea, and so it was deferred from days to weeks, still with some promise of a speedy permission, until I found I was not likely to get away at all.

We had left Lady Anne's Hotel for one not far distant, as her eldest daughter married the gentleman I formerly mentioned, and they living with her required as much room as we could give up.

Lady Anne grieved at, but consented to this match, and would gladly have returned to Ireland, could she have got Bergasse off — without him his wife would not stir, and the poor mother thus hampered by her children, was fain to make the best of remaining.

\* \* \*,

\*\*\*, who married Miss Daly, was a member of the National Assembly, and no doubt was privy to the identity of Bergasse, though he always denied it, and was I believe one cause of our detention, but there were others probably, for private malice had great scope to work—vice alone was at liberty.

My mother did not deign to answer my last letter, she told my father, that she had now only one child, and never wished to see my face again. He assured her, that I had acted by his commands, and asked if the same feelings which she thought so proper when he forgave Sophia, would not be equally amiable from the heart of a mother, observing that I was so critically situated that I was forced to disobey one parent. My mother flew into a violent passion at the mention of his commands, and said it only enlarged my crime against her, for it was a child's duty to side with the mother, and doubly so when others oppressed her.

My

My father might well be surprised to hear of oppression on that side, where authority had always been seated in full energy. I dare say he kept silence, or walked out, his only resource, but these disagreements injured his health, and he drooped, visibly, alas! for me.



## CHAP. XVIII.

IN regard to my domestic management, I must acknowledge my deficiencies were eminent. Not being accustomed to have the least trust, perhaps it will not surprise the reader to hear that I was now very unfit for any ; my maid servants did every thing but what they were hired for, my trades-people continually imposed upon me, my men servants frequently induced me to give my consent to their absence, and, of course, neglect of duty, so that we may readily infer what

what confusion reigned in my apartments, what expences we were put to, and likewise what endless disputes arose between me and Connor, for he, with good reason, averred, that things were capitally wrong, while I, who was thoroughly imposed on, took upon me to deny it, for I was very certain that on my side every thing was well intended, and believed that it was the same with those under me. Then I would call in more assistants for them, which I was forced to repent of, by finding that they only assisted to the general confusion and consumption.

Connor supplied me liberally with money, but to very little good purpose, for though I was inclined to be a prudent woman in my expences, there was always such a train of waste under the list of necessary expences as undermined my purse much faster than it should have done.

However, I at last bought experience, but for any friend in whose fate I take an interest,

rest, I should wish the mind more properly cultivated in neglected but essential knowledge, before she begins her career as a wife or manager.

Connor, no doubt, had many hard trials with me for one who had so little patience, particularly when his unbounded hospitality crowded his table, as was too frequently the case, with an odd mixture of English, Irish, and French; the reason I say odd is that at the time I am writing about, there was no possibility of fitting any time without hearing a discussion of politics, and it may easily be guessed what an opposition of sentiments such an assemblage promised, in which Connor was never the least heated. I often trembled at his violence in argument, I almost at times had a presentiment of the fate he was urging; I believe the poor fellow was frequently glad to vent in politics his disappointment in the expectation of an enraptured return of love.

Certainly

Certainly I often cut a very ludicrous figure, and through a wish to shine in the article of dress, for observing that my husband was always buying some jewel, trinket, or other ornament, in the hope of setting off my person, I did my best in crowding them on.

How should I imbibe taste? I was not one of those charming shepherdesses, who with a few flowers and blades of grass can adorn themselves equal to a Princess; so sometimes I would make my appearance with all the conscious dignity of finery, but so awkwardly arranged, and so evidently an encumbrance to the poor wearer, that Connor, whose eye used to glance over me like a flash of lightning, would be instantly in a fume, to my utter astonishment, who imagined that if I was not quite killing, at least I was well dressed.

I could not sometimes help pleading that he had eyes, and chose me in spite of those faults.

faults, which were full as glaring before matrimony as after, and that if they made him so uneasy he should have given me time to improve.

He often told me, that it was want of love made me indifferent about pleasing him, but indeed it was a great mistake, I did wish to please him nevertheless, though may be I was not equally grieved at my little failures, as I might have been had I loved him like, alas! still like Mostyn.

'Tis true, I had a fine lady for my own woman, but she was so very genteel that I was afraid to ask her to do any thing, or to disapprove of what she chose to do. Her master often observed how elegant she looked in her plainest cloaths, and how superb she would appear with half my ornaments.

These were very serious calamities, I promise you, and we had words beside, for if

I

I chatted any length of time with one person, or seemed to approve of the conversation, manner, or temper of any of our numerous visitors, he directly would sigh and tell me, it was his misfortune not to be possessed of attractions such as would draw my approbation ; or, that perhaps I was secretly regretting not being at liberty to bestow my hand upon one whom I thought more agreeable, &c. &c. nor could I ever, when he was in these moods, draw him out of them by all my assurances, so that I soon found it was my best way to shun conversation as much as possible without giving offence, and by all means avoid praising any gentleman, even when my opinion was asked in his behalf ; for though Connor was not afraid of my conduct toward his own sex, he was over tenacious of my good opinion.

Now methinks it will be very proper to sketch out a bit of a moral according to some writers, who draw out an imaginary tale, and then begin the novel with, “ Thus we see, &c.”

&c." whereas it should be, thus we read, as very likely such things were never seen nor heard of before.

But should not this my real story caution men from marrying those who are ingenuous enough to own they do not love, as the sources of vexation are distressing and innumerable.

But why moralize for male critics, they all unanimously declare against novels, and this is in the shape of one, and of course cannot be honored by the glance of a masculine eye; these lords of the creation do not like to see themselves delineated too exactly, and a *good* novel, like Mrs. Bennett's, &c. is nature itself; so a short way to prevent replies or amendment, is to be very positive never to look into one at all.

I often repaired to Lady Anne to beg for advice, and sometimes found that Connor had been bespeaking it for me, which I did not

not much like. Good Lady Anne, her's was always the same — submission for ever.

She would say, " Give up to him in little things and he will consult you in those more important ; now these little things are often the most teasing, besides they are continually in the way. Life is made up of a great bundle of little things, and sometimes you have not in the whole scope of it an important action to perform ; I mean relatively ; for with awe I speak it, we have all one grand point to attain, which I hope we shall all at the last accomplish.



CHAP.

## CHAP. XIX.

ONE day that we dined at the Hotel of Monsieur Bergasse, Madame took me aside.

" You are so good a Catholic," said she, " you will perhaps be glad to give your protection to a priest, who cannot conform, and will not leave France?"

" To be sure," said I, " but in what shape can I do it?"

" Get your husband's approbation," said Madame, " and hire him for your own foot-  
man

man, for a disguise he must assume, and that being one not likely to be adopted by a person of his function and character, will, of course be the least liable to suspicion ; he is a good man I am positive, and beloved by his parishioners, which is well enough known to make his residence with them unsafe during this time of persecution. I will send him to you in the morning to be received or dismissed."

When I first mentioned this matter to Connor, he was against running any risk for one we could have no interest in, beside he was a priest. I felt nettled at that being called an objection, and took up the cause so warmly, that he agreed to see the good father himself, and concert some measure which might be efficacious, as retaining him about the family, which last was my most fervent wish, as my confessor was then in confinement, without hope of being enlarged.

Next day he presented to us Madame Bergasse's billet, and his own prepossessing figure; he had a countenance beaming with benevolence, through, however, a cloud, for much anxiety was pictured there.

"My dear Sir," said Connor, "be seated, that we may talk over this extraordinary business."

"Excuse my obedience," said he, "my safety requires that I act in all respects suitable to my assumed character, in which, if I may be permitted, I shall endeavour to make myself as useful as if it was real. Perhaps," added he, "it may not appear well in one of my cloth to be so solicitous to preserve his life; to which I can only answer, that feeling myself an innocent and already injured man, I am willing to spare my countrymen one crime the more; nor am I tired of existence, while I have health and a good conscience."

He

He paused, and I perceived that my husband could not bring himself to refuse the good man's desire. But he observed to him, that it was odd among a people so devoted to their priests as the French populace had been, they should now look on with pleasure to see them in torture and the agonies of death.

"It appears so, no doubt," replied the good father, "but when we reflect on the progress of irreligion in the upper ranks, our surprise ought to cease, for their example and doctrine has made the gradual change by which themselves are now the sufferers. They have long ago shaken off all regard to divine laws, and their inferiors have followed their example, and wisely gone beyond them too by breaking through those of human institution. But yet there still are many worthy people, who sigh at these changes, but they are weak for want of directors, the great all fly, in the vain hope that things will be settled; they had better

stay; their oppressors, who keep the field now, would have been crushed into insignificance, had the noblesse and clergy formed a band, but there is an infatuation among us all, we are blinded I believe as a punishment for our misdeeds."

"Holy father," said I, —

"Hold," interrupted he, "call me nothing but Charles, we are surrounded with spies every where, you know not how many may be in your own house."

"Good heaven," said I, "for what?"

"Why, to report the tenor of every conversation you hold, to found your sentiments, to draw you if possible on the wrong side, to betray you if on the right."

"Well then, Charles," said I, "since that is to be the stile, why not endeavour to leave this Kingdom, which so publicly casts away every thing holy?"

"Why," said he very softly, "perhaps I may have it in my power to do some good yet, for my brother over whose mind I have some

some influence, is in the Jacobin society, by his means perhaps I may have an opportunity of at least extenuating some evil; and though I would not throw away my life, yet I do not prize it before good actions."

"There I like you," said Connor, "you chuse to stand to your post though under a mask, so come here to-day, and you shall be one of my family."

This truly respectable man, (for so we found him,) remained my footman in public, my Father Confessor in private. He was no more than forty, and very active, so that by his appearance under a proper disguise nobody could suspect him. My husband was so delighted at the pleasure I took in the arrangement, that for the rest of the day he was I believe happy.

He was more so shortly after, when Lady Anne told him I was pregnant, but the great care with which I was nursed upon this oc-

casion was enough to kill me. If I looked on any thing at table, even upon the plate of another, it was snatched away directly, be they ever so hungry, or I ever so crammed I must eat it at once, or be soothed and coaxed like a child who is to take physic, and at last most vehemently scolded and accused of false modesty, which was to end in marking the child.

Now, in fact, it was my modesty made me submit whenever I could, in order to prevent all the wise advice and quaint allusions which were sure to be my punishment in case of disobedience.

I must not sit cross legged, nor run, nor jump, nor dance, but every day take the air in my chariot, which I hated most terribly, and which was not always safe, as there were frequent and dreadful riots, which need no description, for indeed, except as far as it is connected with my own story, I wish to avoid giving any history of the public events which

which occurred during my unfortunate residence, for, beside that, they are written by abler pens, and have long been read by every one who can read ; there were scarcely any two people even on the spot where they happened that had not different accounts of the same thing, while each individual was positive that his own was the only just one.

I was more anxious every day to get from this scene of terror, and join my father, whose letters were not so frequent, owing to his bad state of health, and when he did write I had reason to think his letters were opened and delayed, but as Connor grew more diligent in his endeavours to get Bergasse away with us, I suppose he excited more suspicion, for we received a message from Lady Anne one morning at three o'clock, to acquaint us that he was arrested and confined in the Abbaye.

This was a most unfortunate stoppage, and we left not one stone unturned that we

could turn to procure the release of our friend, but, alas! it was all in vain, he never was released; we did all that was in our power to mollify the grief of Lady Anne; and poor Grace, who had not any strength of mind to support the ills of life, she despaired from the very first, even when we all thought he would soon be at liberty, as it was impossible to find that there were any particular charges against him, and at that time people were not sentenced to the guillotine without some appearance of guilt.

Lady Anne's eldest daughter, Madame F—, was not a very great comforter, she was immersed in the new system, and talked of nothing but the necessity of another revolution, both for the state and the mind, in order that every body might dare to think.

We were so used to her style that being more occupied by other feelings than that of wishing her conversion, none now entered the lists with her. She did every thing she could

could to be admitted into Madame Roland's society, but was not, which made me think that her boasts of being in wonderful state secrets, &c. were vague.

F——, her husband, told me, before Madame Bergasse the younger, that he was certain I might have influence enough to release her husband if I pleased to exert it. I expressed my wishes that he would point out the mode, as it was one of my warmest desires.

He paused, and Grace raised her dejected countenance, with a beseeching anxious look. At last he resumed.

“Formerly when most minds were sunk by slavish maxims, I should have feared to startle you by the proposition, but now that we are enlightened and each day taking longer strides from the aristocracy of bigotry, I do not see why I should hesitate.”

I 5

“Never

“Never hesitate,” said I, “if it is a right thing, and in so good a cause.”

“Well then,” resumed he, “I have it from authority, that your former lover, D—O—, is as much attached to you as before his late journey to England; he saw you yesterday in Tuilleries, and swore that he had never loved any woman so well, and knowing my connexion with this family, desired me to propose to you any conditions; when I, knowing the benevolence of your nature, proposed the releasement of Bergasse; even that he promised to get accomplished, although he seems to have a particular dislike to him.”

I like to see women fond of their husbands and ready to run the risk of fortune, or life, for their sakes; nothing can be too much for them to do, with propriety; but still I think Madame Bergasse’s weakness was inexcusable when she joined with F—, her unworthy brother-in-law, in soliciting me to degrade myself by becoming a mistress. She exaggerated

gerated the splendor I might enjoy, beside the honor of saving Bergasse. He upon the power of doing the same for all those that I should wish to save—they knew I had not married for love, and endeavoured to set my Connor in a ridiculous light.

What was I doing? Why counting my beads softly, and unperceived, when that was done I got up, and telling Madame Bergasse I hoped her intellects were deranged by her misfortunes, as I thought any situation preferable to the vile one she had just taken up, a glance of contempt was all the answer I gave F——, and left the room.

Finding myself not in a proper temper to see Lady Anne, as I would not increase her troubles by communication, and was not a very good hand at keeping a secret, I went home immediately.

I thought it my duty to tell Connor all such things, and indeed could not have

avoided doing so without great disguise, for he was the first person I met in the anti-chamber, and he saw, by my countenance, that something had happened.

Upon being questioned I related the above, softening as much as possible the part which Grace had taken; not through an intent to deceive, but I really wished to soften it to myself; I could not bear the idea that a person I regarded should be so wickedly selfish.

By an uncommon effort he heard me out without interruption, but when I had concluded, he began most vehemently, first abusing the polite F——, next Madame Bergasse, and afterwards the whole people in a lump together; he then told me that I was to blame, aye very much.

"How so," said I, starting, "sure you don't think I ought to hesitate a moment upon such shameful conditions."

"No,"

“No,” said he, “did I say you should? but you did not express your indignation properly; you should have called in Lady Anne, have sent for me, and there, face to face have exposed their villany. But I will advertise France of what a blessed leader they have chosen. I am an Irishman, and not in his power, and since he is fond of it, will shew him a little equality.” And out he flew.

I wondered what he could think of doing against so powerful a personage, but though sick with anxiety, did not repent the discovery I had made, as I considered it my duty.

What Connor did was, according to custom, rash and bustling. He wrote a challenge to D— O— but could not get any gentleman to carry it, a *Laquais de louange* was at last the honorable messenger, and the poor fellow was sent to prison immediately.

No answer came, nor was there any probability of receiving any from the wretch; but as Connor was not to be so satisfied, he next challenged F——, who sent him word that the glorious system of liberty took up all his ideas, and did not leave him time to bring a hot headed Irishman to reason.

All therefore my husband had left him for satisfaction was, the thought of exposing the characters, but, indeed, they were well known before. However, he went to several of the deputies and acquainted them with the facts, thinking, that baseness and treachery would be looked upon as crimes sufficient to disgrace those in public functions. Nobody appeared surprised, except Barbroux; who was but a short time arrived in Paris, and thought every body must be virtuous who espoused the cause which appeared to him to be just—he was a good but mistaken man. Some laughed at Connor, and wished him not to regard gallantry as a crime; others shrugged their shoulders and kept

kept silence ; some said that private faults were public benefits ; others pretended to be enraged, and not to believe the story ; a few were sorry, but the man had it in his power to serve the public, and must not be offended ; so the scheme my husband had adopted of accusing him to all France in the National Assembly, was as visionary as the liberty and happiness such a wretch had promised them.



## CHAP. XX.

CONNOR came home dying with fatigue, rage and disappointment, which he had not time to give vent to, before Robespierre entered with a message from D— O—, to caution him to be more wary in his conduct, that he might not be compelled to certain measures in his own defence.

“ You know,” said Robespierre, “ he is the only powerful personage now in France, and that your life is in his hands; better lend your

your wife a short time, he is not apt to be constant, she will be soon returned to you loaded with riches."

Robespierre would have been kicked then had he not premeditated safety along with insult, for observing his injured host rise up to approach him, he opened the door, and several people entered whom he called fellow citizens. These citizens made a great shew of separating the two combatants, whereas the difficulty lay entirely on one side.

I was dreadfully frightened, and Connor looked as if he would fall in a fit. The poor fellow finding himself held down, absolutely foamed at the mouth. One of his fears, (indeed his only fear) was, that they would carry me off, but at that time they dared not imprison an English subject, Lord G—— was in Paris. They prevented me from calling for assistance, but I went up to Connor, for whom my heart bled, and did all in my power

power to sooth him ; I kissed, I embraced him, rubbed his temples, gave him salts, and at last saw tears gush down his manly face, which partly relieved him, and yet he felt vexed at what he called a weakness.

However he got the use of speech, and told them they should repent of their cowardly insults to an Irishman, that he would chastise them, and then leave a land where none but villains could prosper.

“ What,” said Danton, “ will Monsieur leave us without a passport?”

“ Who will dare to detain King George’s subjects?” said Connor, “ and yet I will not leave my friend Bergasse, that would be acting like a rascally Frenchman ; yes, I’ll take him out of your hands.”

“ Out of our hands?” said Robespierre, “ why he is in the hands of justice.”

“ Yes,” said Connor, “ the same justice which robs the priest, plunders the rich man

man, insults the woman, and imprisons the Monarch."

"Monsieur is pleased to declare himself an enemy to liberty," said D—.

"Yes," replied Connor, "the liberty of crimes; but go, get out of my house, thank your numbers for your bones, and tell D—O—, that my wife despises him equally with myself."

"Your destruction be your own work then," said one of the citizens.

And they left us, to my great relief.

Then my husband's emotions took a different turn, and he melted into the softest tenderness and gratitude to me, as if I had done something surprisingly good, which I never could find out, nor I believe any but himself. I was his charming, his precious, his virtuous Augusta, he believed I should come to love him, &c.

My

My heart smote me that I did not feel the love he wished, but I made it my business nevertheless to soothe and heal his mind, still I am sensible that those blandishments were wanting which are so endearing, and even graceful, when inspired by mutual passion. However, considering the situation we were in, we did very well.

He insisted upon my never going to Lady Anne's without him, and I readily acquiesced.



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CHAP. XXI.

I WAS now advancing far in my pregnancy, every day brought with it some hope or some disappointment concerning the release of Bergasse, which was artfully delayed from time to time; his relations had been frightened out of France upon his first imprisonment, they had received many letters and other intimations some time before, that they were marked out by the people as guilty of *incivism*, (which

fine

fine word about that period was invented) and that there were some even of their leaders who would not be displeased to have an opportunity of serving them as they had many others.

They got away however, by some means not necessary to relate here, and left their son to the mercy of friends, for which I cannot help condemning them, and many others, who did the same. I am well convinced that at that time the chief aim of the anarchists was to occasion such dissentions as might leave them a field open to prey upon their possessions, and upon those who were left behind unsupported and defenceless. I have even known that wives have left their husbands, husbands their wives, parents their young children, to seek for themselves a precarious and miserable existence in foreign climes.

Is it a love of life, a want of courage, or an insensibility of heart to those tender ties, which

which could occasion such a conduct to be frequent among those polite people? but that is not my business to determine, I am sensible that I ought to content myself with relating what I saw, and my readers will form their own opinions.

I now had been a long time without receiving a letter from home, and I found that it was necessary to make preparation for lying-in where I was, to my great sorrow, for my chief pleasure in looking forward was the hope of my mother's feeling a tenderness towards my infant, of which some part might glance upon me, and my father's delight I knew would be inexpressible to have an heir in my child. I had not any female friend to advise with, for Lady Anne had been prejudiced against me by the story F—— had made out, of my behaviour to Grace, and she had not boldness enough to take that shame to herself which her own weak conduct merited, so I not being present

sent to clear myself, lost my friend when I most wanted one—I am sure she would have done me more justice had she known the truth, but who was there to discover it.

I suffered therefore all that can be supposed from inexperience and female delicacy on the one side, and Connor's impetuous and too abundant love on the other, which occasioned me many hours of fretting, and always kept me far from a state of rest.

In July, 1792, I was delivered of a son, to whom his father was, I may say, chief nurse, though his nourishment was drawn from me—I had him privately baptized by Charles, as we called my domestic priest, only my nurse maid being present.

Connor who I feared to entrust, had a public christening in due time, according to the rites of the Church of England in which

the Chaplain to the English Ambassador was so obliging as to officiate, my boy was named Gerald, I have always had for him the feelings of a fond mother, and, alas! ten times the common cares of one, as my future pages will illustrate.



CHAP. XXII.

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AS my being a mother naturally occasioned my taking a greater interest in my husband, I could not help observing a sort of good intelligence between him and my own maid, who I have spoken of as a very fine lady, rather tawdry than elegant.

She had done her best to create mischief before; but things not succeeding to her wish, I felt not sufficient animosity to induce me to part with her, and had kept her on

on from time to time during our stay in France.

I remember, one day, she came to me quite out of breath, in the trepidation of her zeal, “Lord, my good Mistres, how you are abused, your husband is too ungrateful!”

“Bles me,” said I, “speak; what is the matter?”

“Ah! Mon Dieu! why he is embracing Madamoiselle, who is below, upon pretence of a message from Lady Anne.”

This was only Bergasse. I laughed at my own fright, and surprised her by my non-chalance.

“Mon Dieu! I thought all the English were jealous of these things, but Madame seems to think it a joke.”

“You see then,” said I, “you had formed an erroneous opinion; so next time keep such sort of intelligence to yourself.”

“ Madame is right, and I see will become *tout-à-fait Française*. It is the best way for both, and I know a very fine great Lord who is now become a good citizen, and dies for Madame.”

I now assumed an air of as much dignity as possible, and charged her, as she valued my favor, to keep a perpetual silence upon such topics; enforcing strongly, that it could only be from bad principles she could have suspected any harm in so trifling a circumstance, and one so common in her country, as a man's embracing his wife's best friends; and that probably she was angry with him that he did not take the same notice of her with worse views.

Instead of behaving saucily, as I expected, the wretch cried, and acted the part of a convert so well, as to impose upon an innocent mind like mine.

She

She did not make any more attempts upon me, in dread, I suppose, of a lecture; but some months after, when we had taken in the father, (or as he was styled Charles) she, in spite of every precaution on my side, traced us into my closet, though we had gone at different times; and being satisfied that the door was locked, she repaired to Connor, and related my crime to him, who gave her a very different reception from what she expected, and wished to dispatch her from our service immediately; but when I heard of it, I interceded in her behalf, representing to her master, that it might then look as if there was some foundation for the story, and that, as we were to leave Paris in a week (as I then hoped), it would be more convenient to ourselves to keep her so long.

However Connor, though ashamed to acknowledge that he was jealous, forbade my shutting myself up with the priest, who agreed with him that it might be dispensed

with, as more harm was likely to be the result than good.

However this Mademoiselle now became all goodness and decorum, at least in my presence, and I fancy threw off the mask only in my absence. In my husband's presence I understand it was different:—or, was it my want of penetration which prevented my perceiving it? But now indeed the case was plain, that Connor had broken his conjugal vow. I saw many instances of familiarity on her side winked at upon his, who imagined all the while that I could not suspect; — nor perhaps should I, only that her behaviour very soon became insolent; which he would never have permitted, I am sure, but from necessity, —for his affections I firmly believe were never estranged from me, though perhaps for a short time divided.

I have read and heard that on such occasions a wife is to keep silence,—is to be blind, deaf, and dumb, in hopes that when a man is

is weary of wasting his health, temper, and purse upon the worst class of females, he may allow her the honor of nursing him, and economising the little property he has left,— of standing the victim of a temper soured by the effects of his own bad conduct, and rendered suspicious by having been often played upon by those with whom he delighted to associate, to hear his invectives against the whole sex, directed most pointedly to his meek and meritorious wife.

I reflected upon this character, and, where it flowed from principle, honored it from my head and my heart; but it seemed to me that a wife might do better than tamely give up the cause to the first bad woman who should enter the lists: — my determination therefore was, to try the force of reason; — my husband had a good heart, and loved me still.

I suppose I managed the affair awkwardly even in the beginning; too hasty perhaps in

sending away Fanchon, before I came to an ecclaircissement with my husband ; and the time which intervened before my seeing him, she might have improved by deplored her unhappy fate, and persuading him absolutely to take her a neat lodging, where she detained him all night, but could not prevent his sending home to acquaint me that business would oblige him to be absent.



CHAP.

## CHAP. XXIII.

I RECEIVED him next day in my dressing-room, not being quite restored to my usual health ; and, being full of the subject, begged his attention to what I was going to say.

Without anger, my suspicions and their causes were related. He was never good at deception, and now, though I believe he wished the contrary, his countenance betrayed him. I then repeated, that for my own

part I forgave every wrong that he might do me by this connexion ; but that for his own sake, I begged he would not continue a plan replete with danger to himself and those who were nearest, and, at present, dearest to his heart.

“ How would you be able to retain your affection for little Gerald (giving him into his arms), if you once suffer your love to be estranged and your time occupied by a wanton ? ”

Men are not ever in the wrong. The first confusion being over, Connor even denied the fact ; but in such a manner as to confirm my belief. This I told him. He then defended it, and made it appear as if he thought it a trifle, which a good wife and a woman of sense should pass over ; particularly when, like me, she did not even profess to love her husband.

“ Now,”

“Now,” said I, “for that very reason you should have the more dependance on my advice; as there must be less passion in it, and you are assured it flows from esteem for you and a prudent care of our family.”

“Oh!” said he, “could you not allow me to believe there was a tincture of jealousy in it? If I could but arrive at that power over your heart, never would I make a bad use of it;—you should mould your Connor as you pleased, and even now you shall.”

He embraced me, kissed little Gerald, returned him to my arms; then, ringing the bell, disappeared for a short time, which he occupied in giving Charles a message to Fanchon, with a present and her congée.

We thought we had done with her; but it was not so easily accomplished. I heard of her afterwards when I would rather have forgotten her.

Could I have made myself easy about my father, I should have felt at this period comparatively happy, as I was quite proud of having so easily accomplished a point looked upon in so formidable a light by many.

If wives would seize the proper moment, represent with gentleness and a steady manner, many men might be reclaimed; but in general the poor woman pines in secret, and the faithless mate gets hardened in infidelity. But alas! my remark is only for those women who are so happy as to have a worthy character to deal with.

Charles informed us, at his return, that Fanchon was quite enraged, and had vowed revenge; at which we smiled, little thinking how very near the day was, that gave power supreme into the hands of the very worst of both sexes, and those alone.

CHAP. XXIV.

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IT now became so very disagreeable in Paris, that but few of our country of any note remained. Lady Anne could not leave her daughters, they could not leave their husbands, and Connor would not leave Bergasse. The case seemed hopeless, from the number of evasions made use of against our applications; but that only rendered my husband more resolute.

I must own, that perceiving, as I now did, the inutility of our efforts, I would have gladly prevailed upon him to return ; and often I represented that we had other friends to whom we owed superior duty than to Bergasse, to whom, likewise, it was uselefs: whereas it might be of the utmost consequence to my father to be restored to my attentions, which might even be the means of prolonging his days.

Connor always answered, that a very short time would set his friend at liberty, and if any thing particular was the matter with my father, somebody would write. In short, he was positive ; and, as I must submit, I endeavoured to do it with a good grace, only returning to the charge upon every new disappointment.

One day, as I was going out, I met my husband returning from his banker's, where our letters were always left ; but his countenance had altered from the gay laughing Connor,

Connor, that I had seen him half an hour before. I turned from the door, and followed him the more eagerly as he seemed to avoid me.

"What has happened," said I, "Ber-gasse?"

"No, he is safe, at least as safe as before, in his prison."

"Any letter," said I, trembling, "from Ireland? Tell me, Oh! tell me. Nothing in the power of words can be worse than the sad meaning of your countenance."

"Prepare for bad news, my dear Augusta."

"My father, then," said I, "is dead?"

Connor shook his head in mournful assent.

I repeated with a dreadful scream, "My father is dead!" and sunk down in a fit, from which I was long in recovering; and, when brought out of it, my sight traced no object

object—my ear heard no sound; for my mind was filled with the image of my tender, my lost father, and I felt as if my soul could not be satisfied without that image, and that alone.

Mine was not the common loss a child has to encounter in a parent. Alas! I could not presume to look up to my mother for the endearments of one; and the greatest share of my filial affections—I may say, all of them, were his—my kind friend, my gentle monitor, my good father.

Oh! reader, you will now pity me, in spite of the weakness of my abilities to describe my sad feelings. While I felt most, I had not the power; now that my sorrow is blunted, I dread to recall the scene which passed in the first week of misery. Even my child had no interest in my bosom; he cried, but I regarded him not: they held him to my breast, to take that nourishment I used to delight

delight in affording, but I was still insensible.

Poor Connor, who nursed me with the utmost tenderness, was almost distracted; his ardent feelings, which always hurried him into extremes, were now so much alarmed, that he concluded I could not live, and accused himself as the author of my death. But it was not to be; for in about a week I recollect my little unfortunate Gerald, and pressed him to my bosom; the women who attended me gave a kind of joyful exclamation, which made me look up. I then remembered somewhat of my situation, and bathed my infant with floods of tears. They relieved me by degrees, and other sensations renewed within me—but I saw not Connor.

I asked for him, knowing that my apartment was the most probable place to find so good an husband in. I imagined that he had exhausted himself by too anxious an attendance upon me, and was now keeping his bed.

Alas!

Alas ! would it had been so ! My maid answered without much hesitation ;

“ Three days, Madame, after you were taken with this horrible sickness, being the tenth of August, one thousand seven hundred and ninety-two, — ”

“ Heavens ! ” I exclaimed, “ why so particular, is Connor dead too ? ”

She went on.

“ The tenth of August, early in the morning, we heard the *tocfin* ; but as I was obliged to remain here, Madame, I only sent out the chambermaid to inquire what it was that occasioned such an alarm, for it was very horrible. Presently we heard the great guns, and the cries of thousands resounding, ‘ Arm, Citizens, the King and the bloody Queen are murdering your fathers, your sons, your brothers ; your wives, sisters, and daughters will be all violated ! ’ Then, Madame, there was such a bustle, some screaming, some

some inquiring, some running to join the National guards, that you would have supposed all hell was in rebellion in the streets of Paris, as my master said."

"Well," exclaimed I, "but where is your Master?"

"Oh! why, Madame, he put on his sword and took his pistols before he went out, and has never come home since; we think that he got into the Tuilleries and fought against the nation, and so was killed along with the Swiss."

At these words I fainted; and, when I recovered, found her powers of speech not exhausted,—for she was talking still, supposing that I directed all my attention towards her, and little guessing at the state of my feelings.

"Oh!" said I to myself, (for, alas! I had no friend to listen to me) "how am I now left destitute! In one week I find myself a widow and an orphan. My dear Connor, faithfully,

faithfully will I respect your memory, and act in all things as if I had been your's thro' the most fervent love; your son is now the only tie which binds me to this life. I will remember that I am a mother, and to me he shall stand in the stead of husband, father, and brother."

I pressed my babe again, I hung over him, and felt a fresh pang at taking notice of his sickly countenance.

"It is my doing!" said I in agony, "by giving too much indulgence to my own feelings I kill all those who love me; had I a little conquered myself, Connor had now been here. I would have detained him from danger, and my infant would have sucked without imbibing from my milk the poison which has injured him."

I began thus to reason, and from that to determine, that as I now had no stay, I must support

support myself for the sake of my infant, who was now doubly dear to me.

I accordingly took nourishment, sat up in my bed, and inquired for Charles, intending to get from him some spiritual consolation, and to inquire whether it were possible for money to procure masses for the souls of my dear father and husband. Charles was out,—had not been seen for two days. It was now the thirteenth of August.

I felt quite stunned by the last intelligence, for now I had not even an adviser left. I was only nineteen,—in a strange country,—without a friend,—no knowledge in worldly affairs,—mother to a sick babe—sick at an heart which was bleeding with recent losses,—confined to my bed—Oh! reader.

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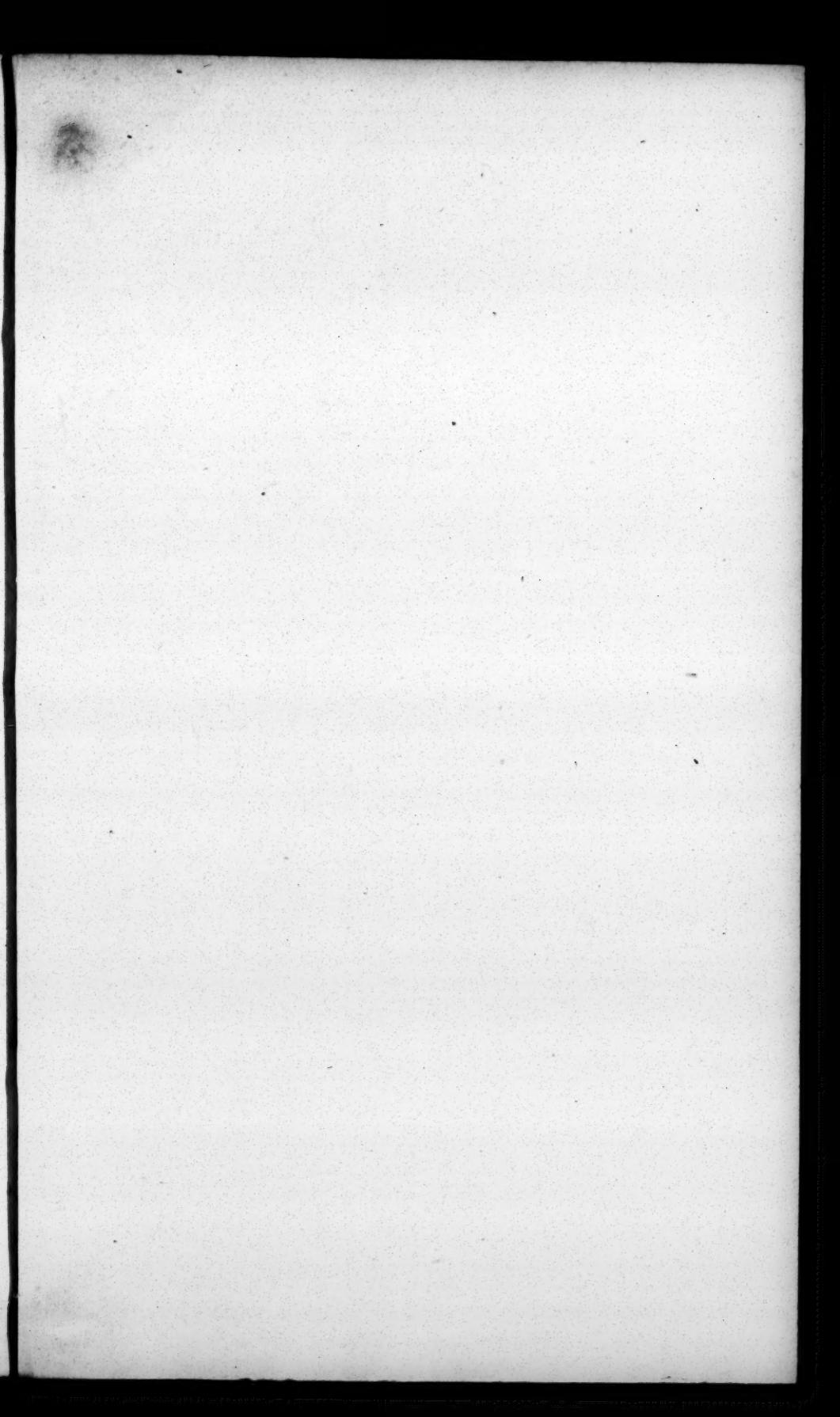
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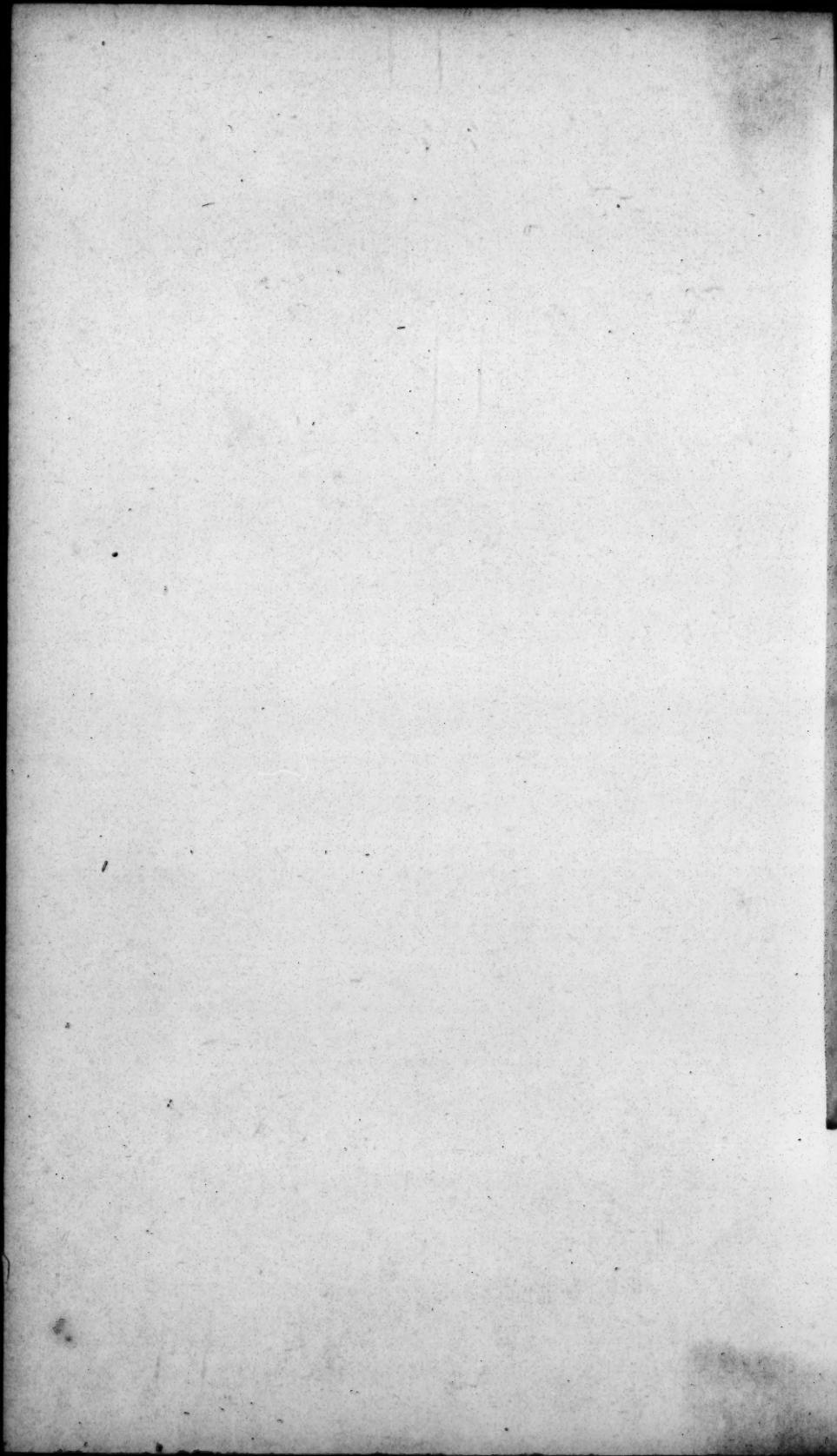
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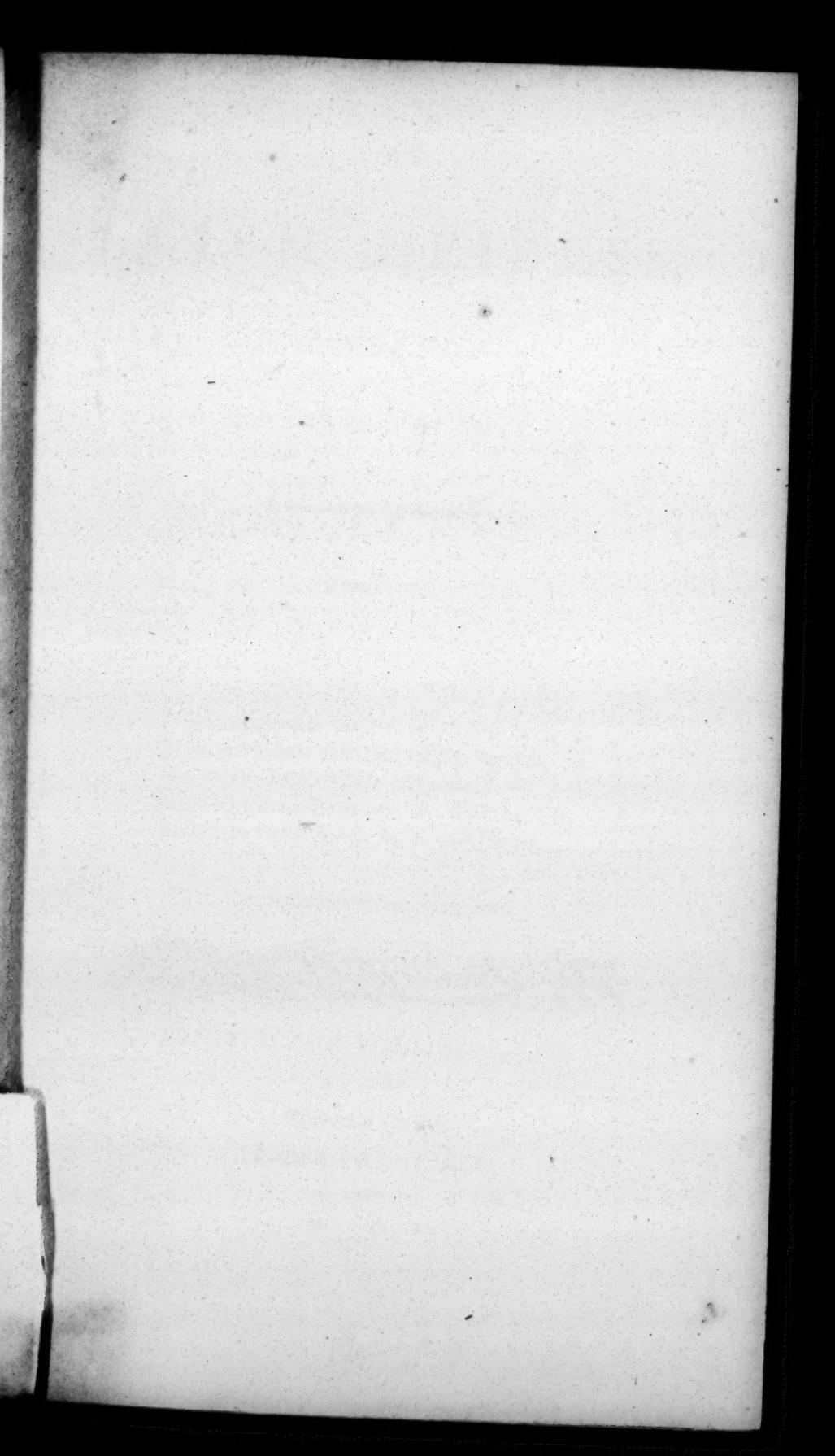
Though we are not accustomed to recommend, with much warmth, the reading of Novels, yet our caution arises chiefly from the fear of their being too much, or too indiscriminately perused. A few select books of this kind may be read with advantage, provided that such reading be not made a daily or hirious occupation. With this restriction we recommend very cordially such volumes as these we are considering. A story more interesting and affecting, or better told than this, has seldom come under our examination. Austere as critics are imagined to be, they are not insensible to the charms of such a heroine as Ellen Mordaunt. Perhaps the principal incident in her story, upon which all the rest turns, is not managed as we could wish; what is commonly called first love, that is the fancy of a boy and girl for each other, founded upon seeing, rather than knowing one another, is not indeed what we insist upon being adhered to. But a first attachment like Ellen's, founded upon solid merit, and long acquaintance, and sanctioned by parents on both sides, should not have been renounced so speedily. At least, if duty and honor forbade her union with Henry, there was no necessity—But we will not diminish the painfully pleasing suspense in which this Novel must hold its readers; we shall only remark, that the title of it appears to us not happily chosen. The character of Ellen is actually distinguished not so much by *plain sense*, as by highly cultivated judgment, exquisite feeling, and invincible integrity. Parents may not only with safety put these Volumes into the hands of their children, but may even peruse them with advantage themselves.

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As looks the mother on her lowly babe,  
When death doth close his tender dying eyes,  
See, see the pining malady of France;  
Behold the wounds, the most unnatural wounds,  
Which *she herself* has given her woful breast.

SHAKESPEARE.



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